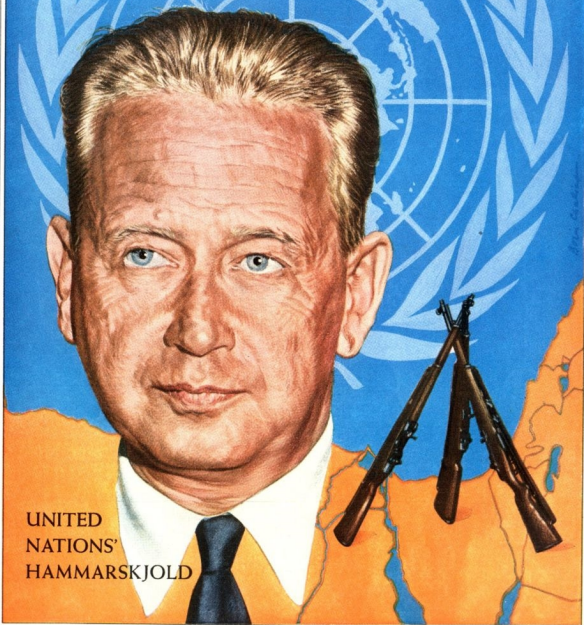


TWENTY CENTS

NOVEMBER 26, 1956

# TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



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HAMMARSKJÖLD

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VOL. LXVIII NO. 22

## A BOLD NEW CONCEPT IN LUGGAGE



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Complete sets for men. 4 colors. Cases from \$44.50

Koch's sleek new luggage of miracle Fiberglas long outlives conventional luggage. It is slender and smooth as a jet's wing. Its well-tailored good looks mark the experienced traveler.

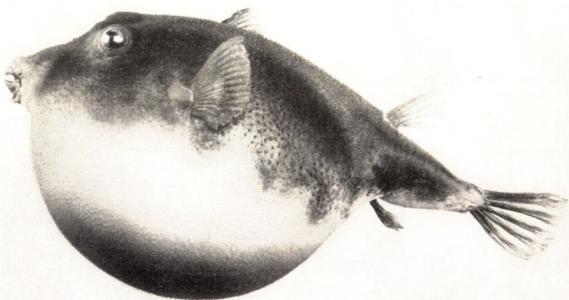
It is more resistant to scuffing, denting and puncturing than any luggage ever crafted. It is stain-proof, fungus-proof, mildew-proof. Scuffs, grime and travel abuses that would mar other luggage for life are quickly and easily removed at home. If any airline, railroad, or steamship line in the world should cause more serious damage to your Koch Fiberglas Luggage, have them return it to us, and we will repair or replace it free. When other luggage is retired to the attic, Koch Luggage is still going strong. What an inspired Christmas gift! See your luggage dealer, or write us...Dept. TCB.



**KOCH** *Fiberglas Luggage*  
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 CORTE MADERA, CALIFORNIA



"Unforeseen events . . . need not change and shape the course of man's affairs"



Courtesy of The American Museum of Natural History

## He blows up on purpose

That's his protection against danger. But boilers aren't blowfish. There's always danger a boiler for heating or power will blow up . . . in a school, a hospital, office building, theater, industrial plant. Safety devices *can* fail. Humans err.

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For big jobs, small jobs, all jobs

# *Ford Trucks* *cost less*

... less to own... less to run... last longer, too!



**You save in every way with Ford Trucks.** First cost is low; operating costs are low; resale value is high; and a 10-million-truck study proves Ford Trucks last longer!

And you get *more* for your money with a Ford. For example, only Ford gives you modern Short Stroke power in every truck, every engine—V-8 or Six. You get more comfort with a Driverized Cab,



**LOW RUNNING COSTS!** Only Ford Trucks give you the oil and gas economy of Short Stroke power in every engine in the line, V-8 or Six. And no one else can match Ford's five billion miles of Short Stroke experience.



**LOW UPKEEP!** No other truck gives you the dependability of Ford's rugged chassis design—built stronger to last longer. And here again, Ford's Short Stroke engines cut costs. There's less piston travel, thus less wear.



**LONG LIFE!** Independent insurance actuaries, for the 10th consecutive year, have certified that Ford Trucks last longer. Studies of 10,502,351 license registrations show that Fords last longer than the other four leading makes.



**HIGH TRADE-IN!** As any used truck dealer can tell you, there's always been a good market for Fords. And Ford's reputation for durability and dependable low-cost operation keeps resale value high, year after year.



more safety with Ford's exclusive Lifeguard steering wheel and double-grip door latch. From pickups to Big Jobs, for trucks that cost less, give you more for your money—see your Ford Dealer.

**THE BIG FLEETS BUY MORE FORD TRUCKS  
THAN ANY OTHER MAKE**

# THE YEAR THE CAMEL GOT ITS NOSE IN THE ARMY'S TENT

It was 1856 and the Army, mapping the Southwest, had a problem: how to get supplies across the desert to California. So they imported 35 camels from Egypt for the job.

Not long afterwards startled Indians saw a camel train threading the desert and mountain passes. That same year saw the beginning of another resourceful maker of maps: the firm of Rand M<sup>c</sup>Nally. It began when William Rand opened a small print shop and was later joined by Andrew M<sup>c</sup>Nally. Soon they had a comfortable business printing tickets and timetables for the early railroads. Maps followed shortly and as the world shrank Rand M<sup>c</sup>Nally grew. Today knowledgeable people look to us not alone for fine globes and maps . . .

but also for textbooks, nonfiction, tickets, directories, catalogs, and other kinds of printing, and publishing where accuracy and integrity are essential. In a hundred years we've learned to add quantity to quality, to add speed to the skill of our hand.



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## “Here’s how a **red tag** reduced the cost of my insurance!”

Says Mr. Ralph O. Dunn

“Red tags were my first warning that all was not well on my construction jobs and in my warehouse. These tags did more than just caution our workers against a hazard. To me the red tags became a symbol of accident prevention that started us on a new era of production with safety.

“And here’s how we got this service. We had a problem, so we turned to Hardware Mutuals. They proposed a plan to reduce our insurance costs. Their loss prevention engineers came in, surveyed our operations, offered a program . . . and then carried it out. The results speak for themselves.

“For example, our cost for workmen’s compensation insurance alone was reduced by \$900.00 in one 12-month

period—with additional dollar savings assured for the next two years.

“Hardware Mutuals safety program resulted in a reduction of 1,312 lost man-hours in two years. Significant to us is the fourfold saving in man power and production efficiency.”

### *The Policy Back of the Policy®*

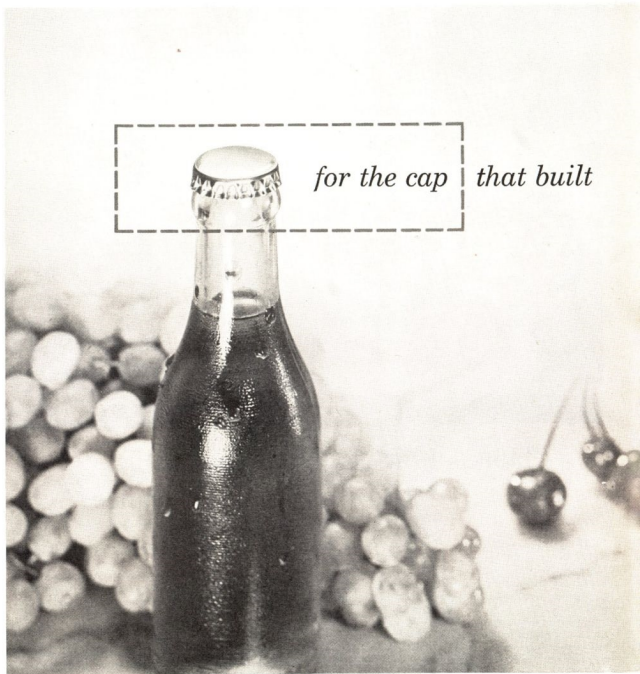
The “red tags” by themselves did not do this job for Mr. Dunn . . . it was the loss prevention engineers. It takes the people of Hardware Mutuals to demonstrate the personal service and extra benefits of our nationally known *policy back of the policy*. To reach your nearest representative consult your classified telephone book for Hardware Mutuals listing.



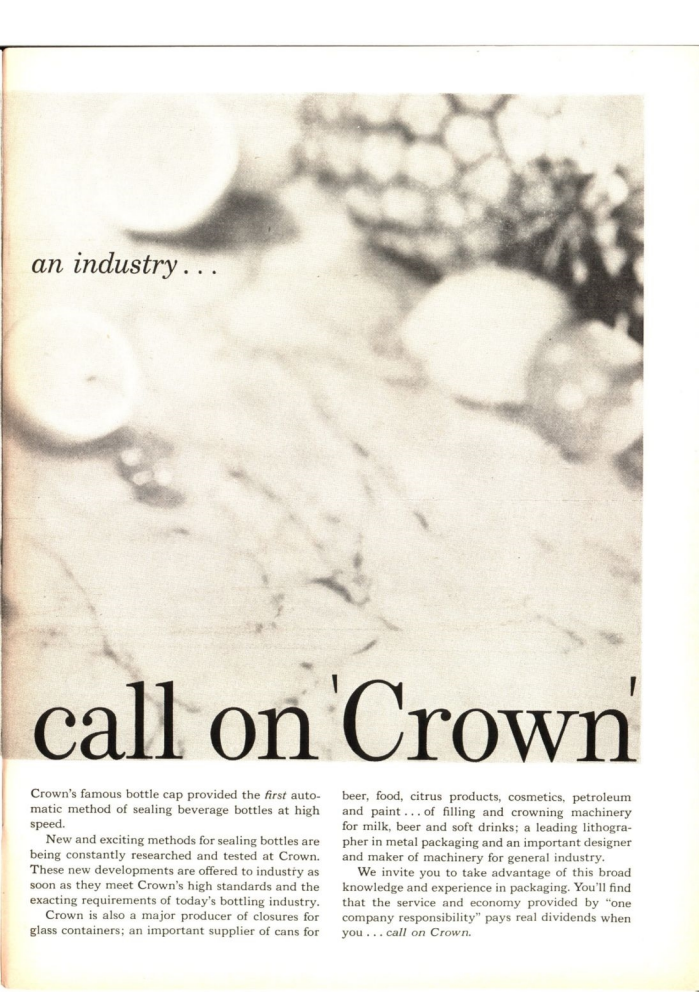
POLICYHOLDER  
MR. RALPH O. DUNN, PRESIDENT  
STROM CONSTRUCTION COMPANY  
GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

### Insurance for your AUTOMOBILE...HOME...BUSINESS **Hardware Mutuals®**

Stevens Point, Wisconsin • Offices Coast to Coast  
HARDWARE MUTUAL CASUALTY COMPANY  
HARDWARE DEALERS MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY



CROWN CORK & SEAL COMPANY, INC., BALTIMORE 3, MARYLAND



*an industry...*

# call on 'Crown'

Crown's famous bottle cap provided the *first* automatic method of sealing beverage bottles at high speed.

New and exciting methods for sealing bottles are being constantly researched and tested at Crown. These new developments are offered to industry as soon as they meet Crown's high standards and the exacting requirements of today's bottling industry.

Crown is also a major producer of closures for glass containers; an important supplier of cans for

beer, food, citrus products, cosmetics, petroleum and paint... of filling and crowning machinery for milk, beer and soft drinks; a leading lithographer in metal packaging and an important designer and maker of machinery for general industry.

We invite you to take advantage of this broad knowledge and experience in packaging. You'll find that the service and economy provided by "one company responsibility" pays real dividends when you... *call on Crown.*



## ZENITH "SPACE-COMMAND" REMOTE TV TUNER

**Shuts off the sound of  
long, annoying commercials!**

It answers silent commands from your easy chair...or even from the next room. Turns set on and off; changes stations, turns off the sound during long, annoying commercials, while the picture remains!

You hear nothing!  
You see nothing!  
No batteries!  
No cords! No wires!  
No flashlights!  
No transistors!  
No radio control waves!



**...and only Zenith has it!**

"Space-Commander" is a revolutionary remote TV tuner, compact enough (just 8 ounces!) to hold in the palm of your hand. Without batteries, electricity, light or radio, it enables you to operate a TV set across the room. Turns your TV on or off, dials right or left for desired channel, silences commercials. You don't even have to point it!

The "Space-Commander's" range is limited to your own home. It's not a radio control; can't interfere with your neighbor's set. Emits no radiations harmful to humans. You do not see, hear, or in any way feel transmission of any impulses between the "Space-Commander" and the set. Nothing between you and the set but "SPACE"—and nothing for you to do but give a silent "COMMAND" with the touch of a button! See and try the magic of "Space-Command" Remote TV Tuning at your Zenith dealer's now!



The Royalty of RADIO, TELEVISION and PHONOGRAPHS  
Backed by 37 years of leadership in radionics exclusively  
ALSO MAKERS OF FINE HEARING AIDS  
Zenith Radio Corporation, Chicago 39, Ill.

## LETTERS

### Revolt in Hungary

SIR: WE STAND AGHAST AT THE FAILURE OF U.S. TO ACT IMMEDIATELY TO SAVE THE HUNGARIAN PEOPLE FROM SOVIET REPRESSIONS. THE EVENTS IN HUNGARY HAVE SHATTERED ALL COMMUNIST INFLUENCE IN EUROPE. FIRM INITIATIVE BY THE U.S. CAN STRENGTHEN DEMOCRATIC FORCES EVERYWHERE. WE HAVE CALLED PRESIDENT EISENHOWER A MESSAGE URGING HIM TO SPEAK OUT, TO USE THIS MORAL AUTHORITY TO OBTAIN IMMEDIATE U.S. ACTION, TO BROADCAST IN HIS VOICE A WARNING AGAINST REPRESSIONS. THE INFLUENTIAL U.S. PRESS MUST URGU SIMILAR ACTIONS BY EISENHOWER. THE HUNGARIAN STUDENTS, WORKERS AND WRITERS HAVE GIVEN THE WORLD A LESSON IN SIMPLE COURAGE THAT SHAMES ALL INACTION. WE HAILED THEIR FIRST TRIUMPH; WE MUST ACT TO HALT THE SHEDDING OF THEIR BLOOD.

IGNAZIO SILONE  
MICHAEL POLANYI  
DAVID ROUSSET  
DENIS DE ROUGE-MONT  
RAYMOND ARON  
STEPHEN SPENDER  
CARLO SCHMID  
NICOLAS NABOKOV

PARIS

SIR:

The Hungarian uprising has exposed again the murderous deeds of Communism and the cowardice of the Western democracies. The victims of Communist oppression can now see that they are entirely alone in their desperate struggle for freedom.

J. TOMS

Sheridan, Ont.

SIR:

Is it not time that you Americans showed some of the world leadership you so loudly proclaim, and so effectively wriggle out of? The past events in Hungary have shown that all you can do is talk.

W. B. WHITHAM

Montreal

SIR:

There is no time for words, but for actions. We Americans acted when the Korean crisis began, but now we just pity the poor Hungarians and listen to their strangled calls for help with a few tears in our eyes. It should not surprise us now, if all the people who have to live under Soviet domination will fall into a lethargy and hopelessness, such as is the case in the U.S.S.R. itself.

MRS. E. C. BURKS

Bonn

Letters to the Editor should be addressed to TIME & LIFE Building, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.

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SIR:

I've been deluged by two questions ever since I returned from Budapest, where I made arrangements to place medicines, food, clothing and other essentials in the hands of those fighting for their liberty in Hungary: "What can I do?" "Why don't we act?" The International Rescue Committee has, for 20 years, specialized in providing the many kinds of desperately needed help for those who have escaped from totalitarian brutality. We are already helping these brave and desperate souls. We wait in readiness for others who will yet join them. As soon as President Eisenhower announced that the U.S. would open its doors to 5,000 of these refugees, I.R.C. arranged to play a large role in their arrival and resettlement here.

This is not the action some people understandably cry for. But it is life or death for the victims of Hungary's heroic effort to be free. It is our way as private American citizens to identify ourselves with their cause, their plight and their children.

We remain poised to pour vital materials into Hungary. All this takes large sums of money; the needs are great and growing. Your help is needed quickly. Send your cash or checks to International Rescue Committee, 62 West 45th St., New York City.

LEO CHERNE  
Chairman

International Rescue Committee  
New York City

SIR:

The U.S. should tell the whole damn East River Debating Society to move to Budapest—then they could personally help the Russians put down the next revolt.

CHARLES S. ALDERSON

Chicago

### The Middle East

SIR:

How can the Western world answer the Communist doctrine that capitalism leads to war, when such an excellent example for Communist primers is provided by Britain, France and Israel, who resorted to bloodshed to settle a property dispute over Suez? Humanity will not forgive this crime.

W. M. HOLDEN

Sacramento

SIR:

Thank you for your unvarnished Nov. 12 account of the conspiracy in the Middle East; it is the first clear light on the story that I have read, since most of the newspapers have taken such an emotional approach that they have somehow managed to

Time) and new address (with zone number, if any)—allow three weeks for change-over.

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## THE TUBELESS TIRE WITH TWO TREADS



*is so strong and safe it will save lives*

Its two treads permit 28% more rubber on the shoulder ribs. Car stability is greatly increased. Cornering is safer and quiet. This better distribution of more rubber gives a smoother ride and much more mileage.

Tremendous body strength results from General's exclusive Nygen cord—the strongest cord material known.

To appreciate all the advantages of the Dual 90, see it at your General Tire Dealer's.



goes a long way to make friends

# GENERAL DUAL 90



## Important change in name

*Benson & Hedges  
announces a change  
in name of the  
original Parliament  
to Benson & Hedges.*



## Benson & Hedges

*is exactly the same  
fine Filter-Mouthpiece  
cigarette as the  
original Parliament.  
Same flavor. Same  
package. Same price.  
King size and regular.*

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convert the three aggressors into victims. In the face of the formidable circumstantial evidence as shown in your timetable of events leading up to the invasion of Egypt, the governments of Israel, England and France must think we are naive indeed to believe their pious statements that there was no collusion, only coincidence.

ELEANOR N. STARKEY

New York City

Sir:

America is of the opinion that Britain was wrong to go into Egypt in force. Every time we have relied on you, you have been too late—you were late when we entered a war in 1914, and you were late again in 1939. Your policy has always been to wait till the pot boils over before you raise a hand.

J. E. OUSELEY WALKER

Packakariki, New Zealand

Sir:

Lest the anti-Semitic people in this country think that I am a Jew, I am an oil-stock holding gentile of English descent who is far more interested in seeing true justice done in the Middle East than in the effect the crisis had on the stock market. To see David hit Goliath a pretty crack was worth a ten point drop in my stocks.

DERRICK L. ROSSITER

Brooklyn

### After the Ballot

Sir:

I am sure that the Democrats' personal attack on Nixon aided the Eisenhower landslide and will indirectly contribute to an improved morality in future American political campaigning.

J. H. PFAU

Worcester, Mass.

Sir:

Eisenhower, in his victory celebration speech, chose to descend to the level of a precinct committeeman exhorting the party faithful to get out and ring doorbells on behalf of the city machine.

GORDON SMITH

New York City

Sir:

With all due respect to the many millions of high-grade members of the Democratic Party, it is urgently suggested, and recommended, that that party present to "Give-'em-hell" Truman, for his service in correctly predicting that Adlai couldn't win, a leather medal of sufficient size to completely eclipse his mediocre character and personality.

WILL BALL

Logansport, Ind.

### The Nixon Story

Sir:

Your Nov. 5 article about Richard Nixon sounded as if his mother wrote the story. It made me sick.

D. R. BAILEY

Whittier, Calif.

Sir:

Nixon has been able not merely to withstand, but to hand back, the best Sunday punches which the left-wing, Hiss-loving element in the U.S. has been able to throw. Your article did much to clear up many matters concerning this American.

MAURICE I. CARLSON

Dallas

### What Pearson Drew

Sir:

Concerning your Nov. 5 story on Drew Pearson and his reporting on President Eisen-

hower's health: I think Drew Pearson merits a promotion from columnist to columnist.

S. GINZBURG

Berkeley, Calif.

Sir:

Drew Pearson does not merit the title of s.o.b. He is merely a stinker.

O. G. ERICKSON

Detroit

### The Killer

Sir:

TIME's Nov. 5 "Death in the Jack Pines" was a masterly bit of adventure short-story writing. One out to kill is himself killed. Thus nature, occasionally, balances her accounts with mankind.

K. G. CONNABLE

China Lake, Calif.

### Prima Donnas

Sir:

Re this Callas (rhymes with callous) canary (Tear, Oct. 29), here is a woman whose "best hours are in bed . . . with my dog cuddling beside me and my husband asleep"; a terrible-tempered, conceited character who tells her mother to go down herself. Who does she think she is? The Elvis Presley of the longhairs?

JULES M. LIEBERTHAL

New York City

Sir:

Callas has better acting ability, stage presence, and general all-round zonk than Tebaldi. All that Tebaldi can do is sing better than Callas.

WARREN SNYDER

Evanston, Ill.

Sir:

I am truly astonished at the statements made by my colleague Signora Maria Meneghini Callas regarding me. The signora admits to being a woman of character and says that I have no backbone. I reply: I have one great thing that she has not—a heart.

That I actually trembled when I knew she was present at a performance of mine is utterly ridiculous. It was not Signora Callas who caused me to stay away from La Scala; I sang there before she did, and consider myself a *Creatura della Scala*. I stayed away of my own free will because an atmosphere not at all pleasant had been created there.

RENATA TEBALDI

Chicago

### Chennault's CAT

Sir:

I would like to express my appreciation for your very nice article [Oct. 29] about me. As a postscript to the last paragraph of your article, I would like to tell you that practically no one in either the U.S. or China considered it possible to organize and operate a privately owned airline in China. I attempted to find operational capital for our proposed airline in New York but was unable to raise one dollar on our prospects. Nevertheless, we did organize and operate an airline under the most adverse circumstances imaginable.

C. L. CHENNAULT

Major General (ret.), U.S.A.F.

Taipei, Formosa

### Ferber's Giant

Sir:

Your Oct. 22 review of the motion picture *Giant* was a lengthy review, a fine one, and most gratifying to the producers of the picture. Certain statements to do with the actual business foundation of the picture should be corrected. It was the eventual business producer, Henry Ginsberg, who read the novel



FROM THESE BLAZING RICKS of hard maple logs comes charcoal with a most unusual purpose. It will be used (as no other whiskey maker uses charcoal) to smooth out the flavor of Jack Daniel's Tennessee whiskey *before* aging. "Charcoal Mellowing" is the reason for Jack Daniel's rare and distinctive flavor. It is also the reason Jack Daniel's will never be "big" whiskey... for the ancient art of "Charcoal Mellowing" demands infinite patience and extra expense. If you have yet to discover Jack Daniel's, we predict a pleasant experience.



"CHARCOAL  
MELLOWED"  
DROP  
BY  
DROP  
DROP

TENNESSEE WHISKEY • 90 PROOF BY CHOICE  
Distilled and Bottled by JACK DANIEL DISTILLERY  
LYNCHBURG (Pop. 399), TENN.



Added Attraction • Wind Song • Beloved • Crown Jewel • Stradivari •



## Give new 1957 Spalding DOTS in handsome Desk Caddy Sets

Now—the 1957 version of America's favorite golf ball, attractively packaged in distinctive Desk Caddy Sets for Christmas. It's the new, whiter DOT with bolder markings and the famous, extra-tough DURA-THIN cover.

In Letter Caddy—1 doz. DOTS, and Pencil Caddy—½ doz. Caddies of DOTS available singly or in sets from your golf professional. Ask about free name imprinting on golf balls.

# SPALDING

and who first presented the partnership plan. You stated that there were no other offers for the filming of *Giant*. Offers were presented and considered. George Stevens and Henry Ginsberg had the courage to follow the intent of the book. In this I felt repaid for the four years of travel, research and writing.

EDNA FERBER

New York City

## Champion

Sir:

By calling Mary Martin (in *Born Yesterday*) "TV champion," TIME, Nov. 5 implies that she walloped Elvis Presley (on *The Ed Sullivan Show*) in the weekly Sunday-at-8 fracas. According to Trendex pulse-takers, Elvis outwriggled Mary 39.3 to 18.4.

ED SULLIVAN

New York City

## Semper Fi (Contd.)

Sir:

The Marine Corps has always been a top-notch outfit. How can it possibly keep outstanding men when it treats its families and marines so shabbily? Am I to believe that all the Army, Navy and Air Force in the Far East is rendered useless because some have their families with them?

C. L. LEONARD

Los Angeles

Sir:

Pate (with wife on arm!) is a do-as-I-say, not as-I-do. May all his men join first-class Americans—the well-treated U.S.A.F.

JANE S. SNOWDEN

Fullerton, Calif.

## Those Aching Joints

Sir:

I do not know who wrote the Nov. 5 article on Dan Dale Alexander (whose patients have benefited by the treatment prescribed in his *Arthritis and Common Sense*), but I think it was an unjust attempt to malign a true humanitarian.

C. EMORY MARKEY

Altadena, Calif.

Sir:

As chairman of the Arthritis and Rheumatism Foundation, I have been trying to alert the people to this serious group of diseases or conditions from the standpoint of suffering, disability and economic loss. Such articles as yours help greatly. With adequate funds for research, we will, before too long, find the cause and cure.

FLOYD B. ODLUM

Indio, Calif.

## Death in Hong Kong

Sir:

I was interested to see in your Oct. 22 issue a picture of a "burning taxi and cremated driver in Hong Kong." I wish to point out a small error in your description in connection with this gruesome picture. Actually, the badly burnt man whose left hand is pinned beneath the burning taxi was one of the rioters and not the taxi driver. The lucky taxi driver managed to fight his way out of the burning car and later out of the hostile crowd of rioters. I also had a very close shave that day at the same spot. I blundered into that locality in my car. The rioters quickly surrounded me and threatened to burn my car, but I was fortunate enough to get away.

K. C. LAM

Hong Kong

☞ Reader Lam is right. The Associated Press, whose picture and caption TIME used, issued a correction later.—Ed.





# It took a whole new chassis to get this low and sassy (and there's a rousing new Dynaflow\* to boot!)

HERE's a case where success started at the top.

We started out to give the 1957 Buicks a sweepingly low roof line to top the dream-car styling. And we determined to do it without clipping a smitch of interior room or pinching on road clearance.

Well, we did it. But in the doing, we touched off a change reaction that spread — literally — throughout the length and breadth of the car.

First thing called for was a massive new wide-flare frame that snuggled to the contours of the new bodies.

Into this frame we nested the big new Buick V8 engine — using new nodal point mountings that practically cancel out vibration.

Next, to permit a lowered drive line, we took a tip from the General Motors experimental dream car, Firebird II, and engineered a new two-piece drop-center torque tube with a second universal joint.

Then, at the front end of this radically new chassis with the lowest center of gravity yet, we devised a brand-new ball-joint suspension system — which virtually eliminates the front-end dip cars have on sudden stops, and gives you safer, leveled braking such as you've never known before.

So by now, maybe you're beginning to realize we really mean it when we call this the *newest* Buick yet. But the best comes right now:

*In performance there's an advanced*

*new Variable Pitch Dynaflow. It's instant Dynaflow—the smoothest and liveliest thing in transmission engineering—and a thrill from start to stop.*

In power, too, there's a brand-new 364-cubic-inch V8 engine. And in ride, and road steadiness, and handling ease, and safety features, and luxury inside and out—there are new peaks no Buick has boasted before.

We tell you in all truth, there's never been a Buick so completely new or so brilliantly engineered — as Buick for 1957. Will you visit your Buick dealer soon — to see and sample the newest Buick yet?

BUICK Division of GENERAL MOTORS

## Newest Buick Yet

\*New Advanced Variable Pitch Dynaflow is the only Dynaflow Buick builds today. It is standard on Roadmaster, Super and Century — optional at modest extra cost on the Special.



*When better automobiles are built Buick will build them*



## He shaved his hidden beard...*early this morning!*

Shave tonight's beard this morning! The Rollectric's Roller Combs reach the Hidden Beard other shaving methods miss. (The pictures below show you how.)

The Rollectric's Roller Combs also protect tender facial skin, give a smooth, *all-comfort* shave every time. Try the new Remington Rollectric! It comes complete in a handsome suede travel case.



**Here's your hidden beard.** Whiskers grow in tiny valleys. Ordinary shavers skim the tops of these valleys—shave only the tops of whiskers. Soon each whisker base grows out and your Hidden Beard can be seen and felt.

**Here's how Remington gets it.** The Rollectric's Roller Combs gently press the skin valleys down—pop up whisker bases into path of man-sized shaving head. Each whisker is sheared off at its base—cleanly, comfortably, quickly.



**ALSO AVAILABLE:**  
The Remington Foursome  
with Rollectric features.  
See your Remington dealer.

# REMINGTON

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Watch "Gunsmoke" and "What's My Line" on network TV

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KLZ'S PRESIDENT TERRY

## PUBLISHER'S LETTER

Dear TIME-Reader:

IN Milwaukee last week, the Radio  
Television News Directors Association  
presented the first annual Paul  
White Memorial Award for "the  
most significant contribution to radio  
and television journalism during the  
past year." The winner: Hugh B. Terry,  
president of Time's radio-TV station  
KLZ in Denver.

Terry and KLZ won the award for  
their successful editorial fight against  
a Colorado Supreme Court ruling that  
would have barred news photographers  
and broadcasters from one of the  
year's most dramatic murder trials. In  
Denver Jack Graham was about to go  
on trial, charged with placing a time  
bomb aboard an airliner that blew up  
in mid-air, killing his mother and 43  
other passengers and crewmen (TIME,  
Nov. 28). The court invoked long-  
standing Canon 35 of the American  
Bar Association code, which bans cam-  
eras from courtrooms. "It was home ill  
that day," recalled Colorado Supreme  
Court Justice O. Otto Moore. "I hap-  
pened to be listening to the radio and  
heard Hugh Terry come on the air ob-  
jecting to the ban. It was a radio edi-  
torial, the first I had ever heard." Im-  
pressed, Justice Moore joined KLZ in  
the fight for a hearing before his  
fellow justices. As a result, Colorado's  
Supreme Court was the first in the  
U.S. to sanction radio and television  
coverage of court trials.

Since he became boss of KLZ in  
1941, Terry, a University of Missouri  
journalism graduate and onetime ad-  
vertising salesman, has let nothing  
stand in the way of his devotion to  
what he calls "electronic journalism."  
Terry's news staff, headed by Sheldon  
Peterson, gives KLZ listeners the most

extensive coverage in the Rocky Moun-  
tain area. A KLZ news editor once led  
a search party into a mountain blizzard  
to rescue seven persons marooned in  
the Rockies. When President Eisen-  
hower suffered his heart attack, KLZ  
supplied the early coverage for the en-  
tire CBS network. And KLZ's mobile  
unit got to the wreckage of the time-  
bombed airliner, 32 miles from Den-  
ver, before many of the investigators,  
had pictures of the crash on the air  
within a few hours. Terry took a re-  
corder on his Mediterranean vacation  
early this year, brought back four  
taped Sunday shows of recorded inter-  
views called "KLZ Visits the Middle  
East." From these interviews came  
warnings that war would come to the  
Middle East within the year.

Aside from its news coverage, KLZ  
has been honored often for general  
programming. Under Terry, the sta-  
tion has won four *Variety* "Show-  
management" and 14 *Billboard* awards,  
plus numerous other citations from  
universities and foundations. Last year,  
Terry's alma mater hailed him for his  
"tireless devotion to the overall better-  
ment of the broadcasting industry."

But the honor he prizes most is a  
letter dated Aug. 24, 1954, the day  
after an interim report to the nation  
by the President: "Just a note to  
thank you and your staff for the ex-  
traordinary cooperation that you gave  
to my staff and me in the telecast  
from your studio last evening. It was  
a distinct pleasure to have the oppor-  
tunity to meet you. Very sincerely,  
Dwight D. Eisenhower."

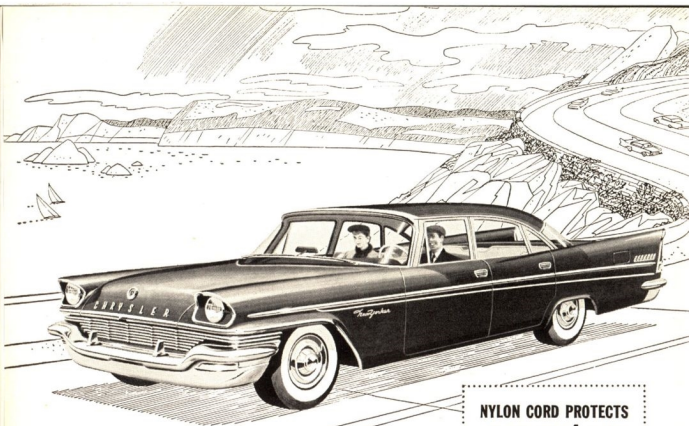
Cordially yours,

*James A. Linen*

© CBS radio news pioneer and author (*Years  
on the Air*), who died last year.

## INDEX

Cover Story.....27	Letters.....8	Press.....79
Art.....86	Medicine.....47	Radio & TV.....63
Books.....110	Milestones.....88	Religion.....55
Business.....92	Miscellany.....120	Science.....100
Cinema.....106	Music.....71	Sport.....82
Education.....40	National Affairs.....17	Theater.....58
Foreign News.....24	People.....36	



## NYLON CORD PROTECTS AGAINST THE 4 MAJOR CAUSES OF BLOWOUTS

# Nylon cord tires\* offered as new safety feature on '57 Chrysler

Engineered to meet today's driving needs,  
nylon cord gives tires lasting strength,  
means new freedom from fear of blowouts

Now for today's horsepowers and highways there are modern tires with the safety that only nylon cord can give. Nylon gives tires extra stamina to stand mile-after-mile driving strains that can cause unseen damage to your tires. Nylon cord gives added protection against the four major causes of blowouts, lets you drive mile after mile with utmost confidence.

Du Pont produces the nylon fiber. Nylon cord tires are available from all tire makers. Be sure to look for the identification on the sidewall.

\*OPTIONAL EQUIPMENT

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY



The safest, strongest tires you can have on your new car  
are made with nylon cord



**1. BRUISE DAMAGE** caused by hitting a rock, hole or bump is a frequent cause of tire blowout. Nylon's shock-absorbing toughness guards against impact damage, gives you extra safety, added protection mile after mile.



**2. MOISTURE** seeping in through cracks or cuts in tire rubber weakens ordinary cord; results in dangerous, unseen damage to your tires. Nylon ends blowouts due to moisture damage because water can't rot nylon cord.



**3. FLEX STRAIN** that occurs every time a tire turns can sap its strength, lead to premature failure. Nylon's resilience guards against damaging flex fatigue, gives lasting protection against this cause of blowout.



**4. HEAT** can permanently weaken tire cord, lead to blowouts. Nylon gives two-way protection: it has greater heat resistance — also makes cooler-running tires. That's why racing tires are made with nylon.



## NATIONAL AFFAIRS

### THE NATION

#### Thanksgiving, 1956

*In time of trouble abroad, the President of the U.S. last week proclaimed to his land its Thanksgiving Day:*

"Let us be grateful that the foundations of freedom in our nation grow stronger with each passing year, giving hope to fettered peoples that they may walk as free men unafraid; that the yield of our soil and the production of our factories have been abundant, enriching our lives and enabling us to share our bounty with less fortunate ones in other lands; and that the forces of nature are being harnessed for peaceful purposes, bringing limitless possibilities of comfort and happiness both to ourselves and to future generations . . .

"Let all of us, of whatever creed, fongather in our respective places of worship to give thanks to God and prayerful contemplation to those eternal truths and universal principles of Holy Scripture which have inspired such measure of true greatness as this nation has achieved. And let us, as the beneficiaries of this greatness, give a good account of our stewardship by helping those in need and by rendering aid, through our religious organizations and by other means, to the ill, the destitute and the oppressed in foreign lands."

#### "We Can Only Act Like Men"

For a few tense hours one day last week, official Washington hung breathlessly on the march of events in the powder-keg Middle East, not knowing whether the U.S. would or would not be in a shooting war with Russian "volunteers" within the next 48 hours. Diplomatic dispatches from U.S. Ambassador to Russia Charles E. Bohlen and press reports from U.S. correspondents in Moscow added up to a tentative conclusion: the Russians had decided to move their "volunteers" at least into Syria and possibly into Egypt, to stake out the Red army's first foothold in the Middle East. U.S. intelligence added solid evidence that complete Red air force units had already flown over Turkey and taken up positions on three airfields in Syria.

The President, deducing from the evidence and from his own experience that the Russians were feeling out the U.S. position, reacted coolly. With no undertone of provocation, he told his weekly



THE PRESIDENT AT HIS PRESS CONFERENCE  
The Russians knew the meaning of "oppose."

International

press conference quietly that it would become the duty of the members of the U.N., which would include the U.S., "to oppose" the Russian volunteers. Privately he flashed a cable to Ambassador Bohlen instructing him to make absolutely sure that the Kremlin did not misunderstand U.S. intentions: if the Russians moved troops into the Middle East the U.S. would oppose them with arms. At an emergency meeting of the National Security Council that morning the President heard out the reports of his staff, picked off his glasses, and said grimly: "If they move, we can only act like men."

**Atomic Retaliation.** All day Washington waited word, with U.S. armed forces from the Mediterranean to the China Sea alerted for whatever the Russians might choose. As tension mounted, Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge Jr. called from U.N. headquarters in Manhattan to propose that the President prepare dramatic measures. Soon a new strategy was under consideration in the White House: the President might fly to New York to appear before the U.N. General Assembly, to assure the U.N. that U.S. troops were available and ready to stop any Russian incursion. Meanwhile, the U.S. had reassured the jittery French and British through NATO's retiring General Alfred

Gruenther, Supreme Allied Commander in Europe (see below), that any Soviet move to rocket-bomb London and Paris would be met by atomic retaliation.

There was little public sense of crisis because the President had deliberately maintained restraint in his press-conference answers. Despite provocative questioning ("Are we writing off as a fact the permanence of Russian influence in the Middle East?"), he refused to specify by what means the U.N. might decide to oppose Russian volunteers, but noted meaningfully that the U.N. "is not by any manner of means limited to resolutions" (e.g., Korea). When he was asked about the possibility of three-power talks with Britain and France, or a parley at the summit with the Russians, he again stood by the spirit of the U.N. While the U.N. was seeking peace in the Middle East, he said, it would be a "mistake" to go back to big power diplomacy. "I am determined, with this out of the way, our friendships with these two countries" (Britain and France) will be "stronger than ever."

**Moral Sanction.** Not until the next afternoon did the dark threat of war with the Russian volunteers simmer down. Russia's Bulganin wrote notes to Britain's Eden and France's Mollet in more placid

phrases, Nasser's Egypt announced that it had no imminent need of Soviet volunteers after all. The U.N. police force moved into the Suez in sky-blue helmet liners, men out of faraway places clothed in the weighty moral sanction of the U.N. General Assembly (see FOREIGN NEWS).

From all visible signs it seemed that the Russians had understood what the U.S. meant by promising "to oppose" the Russian volunteers, a promise that Under Secretary of State Herbert Hoover Jr. reiterated before the U.N. General Assembly later in the week. But no one in Washington thought that this quiet victory settled anything permanently. For one thing, the Kremlin was throwing dust in all directions; e.g., at week's end, almost as if there had been no Budapest, no threat of desert war, the Russians proposed a new disarmament plan, which they couched in boasts that they could sweep across Western Europe—and punctuated by a new high-level A-bomb test.

The British and French, while willing to snuggle down again in the NATO fold, had not yet abandoned the campaign to get the U.S. back of their private national interests in the Middle East. And the U.S., in turn, deferred its emergency plans to ship oil to Britain and western Europe (see BUSINESS).

**Moral Authority.** Beyond the pressing present lay an even greater problem. "It would be a great mistake to believe that stability and tranquillity can be permanently established [in the Middle East] merely by emergency measures to stop the fighting," said Secretary of State John Foster Dulles as he emerged from Walter Reed Hospital this week. "It is necessary to attack the basic problems of the area." The time for the U.S. to attack these problems, reported TIME correspondents in London, Cairo and Tel Aviv, will never be more opportune than now. For despite massive Russian propaganda attempts to claim credit for stopping Middle East aggression, both Arabs and Israelis understand that the U.S.: 1) comes out of the crisis with clean hands and unparalleled moral authority; 2) seeks no private gain in the Middle East area; and 3) is the only nation that can provide the stability the Middle East must have before it can attack its vital economic and political problems.

Said a good U.S. friend, Lebanon's Philosopher-Statesman Dr. Charles Malik: "It is absolutely a *sine qua non* condition of this opportunity that the U.S. makes it crystal clear that while it will not condone destruction of Israel, equally it will not condone expansion of Israel. The U.S. should stop at no limits in preventing further penetration of this area by Communism and should do everything it can to roll it back. Part of the opportunity is for the U.S. not only to take an interest in economic development—which is, after all, neutral—but it should interest itself as well and more profoundly than ever in the political, ideological and cultural problems. It is equally imperative for the highest and deepest in western diplomacy to assert itself in such a way

as to close the hole in the ranks of the West on a basis of complete respect for the freedom and independence of the Middle East, and for genuine conditions of justice and equality between the West and the Middle East."

It was a tall order. But it was also a pressing order—and an opportunity to prove in another context Ike's ringing phrase: "We can only act like men."

## FOREIGN RELATIONS "As Day Follows Night"

In his headquarters in the peaceful countryside near Paris, NATO's retiring General Alfred M. Gruenther, Supreme Allied Commander in Europe, smiled a bony smile. One big thing still needed to



GRUENTHER AT NATO HQ  
A clear description of suicide.

be said publicly to back up the week's U.S. diplomacy. Now Gruenther, with specific White House authority, set about saying it in terms that no Communist geopolitician could misunderstand. "The main purpose and the guiding principle that we always have," he began, "is to deter a war from taking place. . . . Probably the outstanding element in the deterrent as of today, the 13th of November, 1956, is the fact that we have air units with an overwhelming capacity which could retaliate very significantly and very destructively in this area." Gruenther turned toward one of his maps and pointed at the Soviet Union.

At the height of the Suez crisis, Russia's Premier Bulganin had threatened to rocket-bomb London and Paris (TIME, Nov. 12), but now the U.S. was plainly warning him not to. Said Gruenther: "If those rockets, however, should be used, bear this in mind: they will not destroy our capacity to retaliate, and just as sure as day follows night, that retaliation would take place. And as of now the Soviet Union would be destroyed." Gruen-

ther pointed once more to the Soviet Union. "It is certainly a factor that people here must take into consideration before they would press the button to send those rockets. . . . No nation is going to press that button if it means suicide."

## Foxes & Lions

All week the case-hardened habitués of Washington's Embassy Row looked out upon a rare and wonderful spectacle as the British and French, than whom there are none more nimble, played the diplomatic game of foxes and lions to maneuver themselves out of a jam. Not very many days before, Britain's bombers had, to Washington's astonishment, flown off to bomb Egypt, but now Britain's diplomats, unabashed and socially impeccable, and the French, provocative and chop-logical, were talking elliptically about how the alliance was coming back together again and was certainly the most important thing in the world: "Let us frankly admit there have been disagreements, but. . . ."

**Spate of Punditry.** Through receptions and cocktail parties and all kinds of informal gatherings, the diplomats deployed to meet the needs of the crisis, "Is anyone here still speaking to me?" a bright-eyed British noblewoman pertly broke the ice one day, whereupon she was warmly and immediately reassured. Well-mannered and well-indoctrinated young embassy spear carriers were ever ready to convince their U.S. opposite numbers that they had really invaded Egypt to stop the Russians. The higher-ups concentrated on background briefing U.S. columnists and pundits—many of them still stallion in the wash of the sunken Adlai Stevenson—to the effect that Secretary Dulles had really been something of a failure (which was the British-French, as well as the sunk Stevensonian line).

The briefings took effect. "Washington is a-buzz," wrote the *Christian Science Monitor's* William H. Stringer, "with the talk of the 'disastrous failure' of the Dulles foreign policy in the Middle East." "It is generally conceded here that the Soviet Union and Egypt have scored a tremendous victory," the *New York Times's* James Reston reported nonsensically. In a piece called "The Kremlin's Shattering Triumph," Joseph and Stewart Alsop ranted: "Even among the Administration policymakers the almost hysterical emotions generated by pique against the British and French are now beginning to subside." Two days later the Alsops swung even more wildly: "The most strategically vital region of the modern world has been handed to the Kremlin on a silver platter—with the American Government as a rather conspicuous platter-bearer."

Angry U.S. officials were convinced that "friendly embassies" tipped key correspondents that President Eisenhower intended to deliver a "strong" statement against Russian intervention in the Middle East at his press conference. When the President stuck by his policy of talking softly and backing the U.N., a new spate of punditry and radio-TV commentary bewailed his "disappointing" stand.



Walter Bennett

CACCIA AT PRESS CLUB  
A smooth sail on a choppy sea.

**Remember the Duke.** Eight days after arriving in the U.S., Britain's new Ambassador Sir Harold Caccia turned bravely to his public duties. Speaking before Washington's National Press Club, he had warm words for the President, Secretary Dulles and U.S.-British relations ("of capital importance"). As for that canard about British-French-Israeli ganging up on Egypt behind the U.S.'s back, Sir Harold was reminded of a story about the Duke of Wellington which ended with the punch line: "Sir, if you believe that, you are capable of believing anything." (Laughter.) And in any case, Sir Harold noted gracefully (and correctly), the point for now was that the Suez Canal was blocked, and Western Europe's oil shortage was bound to weaken NATO. Ergo: "Additional supplies will be needed from the Western Hemisphere."

**Public Rebuff.** The irony of last week's performance was that the only foreign lion to roar forth his sentiments bluntly was the only diplomat who did not get away with it. Before a meeting of the Bar Association of the District of Columbia (the kind of audience diplomats pant after), in the Mayflower Hotel, French Embassy Counselor Robert Valeur proclaimed that Dulles had been "taken in" on Suez and that Dulles' policy had been "a tragic failure." Before Valeur was through, some 20 people walked out.

Afterwards the State Department, wondering about diplomatic impropriety, asked the French embassy for a text of what Valeur had said. There was none, said the French embassy; Valeur had spoken only from rough notes. But two days later, Thomas M. Rayson, president of the D.C. bar, administered the public rebuff: "The Association greatly regrets that [M. Valeur] chose to inject personal references to leading officials of our Government or to comment on official U.S. Government policy."

## THE PRESIDENCY

### Man with a Mandate

In the 34 days since Ike's previous news conference, he and the Democratic Congress had marched down the hill for a ballot-box reckoning, surprisingly had marched back up again for two more years together. Yet he was midway through the session before reporters broke into the world-affairs discussion to pop the first election question: What plans does Ike have for bringing "a certain group" of his party in Congress (the Old Guard) into the fold of "modern Republicanism?"

Diplomatically, the President promised only to labor "industriously and incessantly" toward proving "that some change in the understanding that the public has of the Republican Party is necessary." Would he overcome criticism heard in his first term that he failed to seize personal leadership in working with his party in Congress? With a wisp of exasperation, Ike diagrammed a wise man's views on leadership. "I am not one of the desk-pounding type that likes to stick out his jaw and look like he is bossing the show. I would far rather get behind and, recognizing the frailties and the requirements of human nature, I would rather try to persuade a man to go along, because once I have persuaded him, he will stick. If I scare him, he will stay just as long as he is scared, and then he is gone."

But if the President professed to be no desk-pounder, he was for emphasis a table-tapper on one question: In view of "the voters' decision to continue . . . with a Democratic Congress and a Republican Executive," does he regard his election as a mandate to continue New Republican programs? Said Ike: "I think if I didn't believe that this was somewhat of a mandate to me to push forward with what I have been trying to tell the United States is my policy, my beliefs, my convictions and a program, then I would be arrogating to myself a tremendous personal magnetism and standing that probably would make me about as egotistical as any man in the world. If they don't approve what I stand for, I would not understand why they voted for me."

Last week the President also:

☐ Began, with his staff, preparation of his annual message to Congress on the State of the Union.

☐ Received Indian Ambassador G. L. Mehta to discuss next month's visit to this country of Prime Minister Nehru.

☐ Chatted with New York's Francis Cardinal Spellman, Detroit's Edward Cardinal Mooney and Los Angeles' James Francis Cardinal McIntyre, in Washington for a meeting of the Catholic Bishops of the U.S. (see RELIGION); asked later by reporters whether the President had given them any personalized gifts, e.g., pencils inscribed with his name, Cardinal Spellman replied with a twinkle: "No, let's go back."

☐ Accepted reluctantly the resignation of Dr. Arthur F. Burns as chairman of his three-man Council of Economic Advisers. The new chairman: fellow Council-

Member Dr. Raymond J. Saulnier (pronounced Soh-Nyay), 48, like Burns a Columbia University economics professor and specialist at Washington's nonpartisan National Bureau of Economic Research before joining the council last year.

## THE ADMINISTRATION

### New Faces Abroad

Washington speculation about who might succeed convalescing John Foster Dulles as Secretary of State seemed to have a firm answer this week. The answer: John Foster Dulles, who left Walter Reed Hospital, announced before departing for a Key West, Fla. vacation that he would return to his desk Dec. 3. But elsewhere in U.S. diplomacy, talk of major ambassadorial changes were in the wind. Items:

**London:** Aging Sportsman and Financier (Chase Manhattan Bank) Winthrop Aldrich, 71, will retire, probably to be replaced by a younger sportsman and financier (and Eisenhower bridge partner), John Hay ("Jock") Whitney, 52.

**Paris:** Investment Banker C. (for Clarence) Douglas Dillon, whose 1953 reward for early Eisenhower-for-President service was one of the most sensitive posts in the foreign service, will probably come home at year's end. Successor unknown.

**Rome:** Clare Boothe Luce will retire by Jan. 1, be succeeded by San Francisco Industrialist (Crown Zellerbach Corp.) James D. Zellerbach, who has done Government duty in the United Nations, the International Labor Organization and as head (1948-50) of an ECA mission to Italy.

**Bonn:** Scholarly, ex-Harvard President James B. Conant may be followed by the State Department's skilled careerist and longtime lie friend, Deputy Under Secretary Robert Murphy.

**New Delhi:** John Sherman Cooper's post, vacant since Cooper resigned to run



Associated Press

DULLES LEAVING HOSPITAL  
A firm answer to a big question.

for the Senate, will be taken by Ellsworth Bunker, retiring American National Red Cross president<sup>®</sup> and a topnotch ambassador to Italy and Argentina under Harry Truman.

## RACES

### Back with Humility

To the 50,000 Negroes of Montgomery, Ala., the week dawned (as one of them put it) "darker than a thousand midnights." For more than eleven months, in a mass movement combining Christian fervor with Gandhi-like passive resistance, they had mounted and sustained in the "Cradle of the Confederacy" an almost total boycott of the city's segregated buses (TIME, April 2). Led by a handful of well-educated and young Negro leaders—notably by the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., 27, pastor of a local Baptist church—they had efficiently put together and operated a car pool of some 200 vehicles to ferry themselves to and from work. Now the leaders and lawyers sat glumly in the Montgomery County courthouse waiting for the state circuit court to outlaw the Negro car pool on the charge—made by the city commission—that it was actually a business enterprise operating without a franchise.

In the middle of the proceedings they saw an A.P. reporter hand a piece of paper to their white opponents, who promptly hustled outside. Minutes later the news was out: the Supreme Court, ruling on the Montgomery case, had unanimously upheld a district court's ruling that the "separate but equal" doctrine was now as legally dead for segregated public transportation as it had already been declared dead for public schools and public recreational facilities. The effect of the decision: to invalidate Alabama's intransigent Jim Crow bus laws and to set the grounds for invalidating similar laws in eleven other Southern states.

**"Joyous Daybreak."** The next night 10,000 Negroes jammed two of Montgomery's largest churches and adjacent streets to savor their triumph. Appearing before each group in turn was the spiritual architect of that triumph, the Rev. Dr. King. He was too wise to be triumphant; he read to each congregation a statement that should loom large in the Negro's long, patient fight for equality:

"All along, we have sought to carry out the protest on high moral standards . . . rooted in the deep soils of the Christian faith. We have carefully avoided bitterness. [The] months have not at all been easy . . . Our feet have often been tired and our automobiles worn, but we have kept going with the faith that in our struggle we had cosmic companionship, and that, at bottom, the universe is on the side of justice. [The Supreme Court's decision was] a revelation of the eternal validity of this faith. [and] came to all of us as a joyous daybreak to end the long



Joe Holloway Jr.

MONTGOMERY'S REVEREND KING  
Too wise to crow.

night of enforced segregation in public transportation."

**"Just Sit Down."** When the court order comes through, Dr. King urged his followers, act sensibly but without pride. On the one hand, "we have been going to the back of the bus for so long there is danger that we instinctively will go straight back there again and perpetuate segregation. Just sit down where a seat is convenient." On the other hand, "I would be terribly disappointed if any of you go back to the buses bragging. 'We, the Negroes, won a victory over the white people' . . . I hope nobody will go back with undue arrogance. If you do, our struggle will be lost all over the South. Go back with humility and meekness."



Associated Press

MINE-MILL'S TRAVIS  
Too pink to pass.

## LABOR

### Paralysis in the Ports

From the headquarters of the International Longshoremen's Association in New York one midnight last week flashed the word to nearly 400 of the union's locals: strike. Shortly before, I.L.A. President William V. Bradley had waddled out of a negotiation session with the New York Shipping Association to give the reason: I.L.A. contracts had expired and "the employers have failed to grant [our] just demands." That morning 25,000 New York longshoremen responded to the strike call, and by week's end they had been joined by 35,000 other I.L.A. members from Portland, Me. to Brownsville, Texas. For the first time in the I.L.A.'s checkered history it had effectively paralyzed every major port along the Atlantic and Gulf Coasts (and there was the possibility that the strike might spread to the West Coast, where members of Harry Bridges' International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union tied up a dozen ships as a gesture of "sympathy").

Just what Captain Bradley's "just" demands were became clearer when federal mediators hurried I.L.A. and N.Y.S.A. representatives into further bargaining sessions. Agreement had already been reached on some sticking points (welfare benefits, dues checkoff), and others seemed negotiable (wages, work-gang size). The big obstacle: I.L.A.'s demand that the present system of "pattern" bargaining—i.e., each port negotiates separate agreements with the I.L.A., using the New York contract as a guide—be replaced by a master contract allowing the union to negotiate major issues on a coastwide basis. When the N.Y.S.A. turned down this point on the ground that it could only negotiate for shippers in its own area, the union reduced its demand to a contract covering all Port of New York shippers who also operate in other ports.

One reason why the I.L.A. will fight hard for a coastwide deal: such a contract will make it more difficult for the rival, reform-minded A.F.L. International Brotherhood of Longshoremen—with its principal strength in New York—to establish locals elsewhere.

### Trouble for Mine-Mill

Indicted by a federal grand jury in Denver last week: 14 officials and staff members of the Communist-dominated International Union of Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers. They were charged with conspiring to defraud the U.S. by obtaining the services of the National Labor Relations Board without lawfully qualifying the union for those services, i.e., some had "pretended" to resign from the Communist Party and had filed false non-Communist affidavits with the NLRB. Among the indicted: "Mine-Mill's" eye-patched onetime President Maurice E. Travis, 46, already under an eight-year federal sentence (and free pending appeal) for filing false non-Communist oaths in 1951 and 1952. Cried Mine-Mill: "Union-busting!"

<sup>®</sup> His successor as Red Cross president: NATO's retiring Supreme Allied Commander in Europe, General Alfred M. Gruenther.



## CENSUS

### The Women

For every 100 females in the U.S. in 1900, there were 104.4 males, and the females pretty much had things that way for half a century. Then, in 1950, the U.S. Census disclosed that this state of affairs was changing: there were only 99.2 men for every 100 women. Last week the bureau, closing its books on its July 1, 1956 re-estimate of the population, proved that women's ascendancy was no idle boast. The new findings: for every 100 females there are 98.4 men, a further drop in the ratio, caused partly by the continuing trend of female longevity, partly by a heavy reduction in male immigration to the U.S. after the great wave of arrivals at the turn of the century.

Other census statistics:

¶ Since 1950, the number of aged people (65 or older) increased 18.3% to 14.4 million.

¶ The number of children of elementary-school age (5 to 13 years) jumped a sharp 31.7% to 29.2 million.

¶ Total U.S. population increased 11.2% to 168,091,000.

## HAWAII

### Angry Aloha

After Jack W. Hall, owlish Hawaii regional director for Harry Bridges' International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union, was convicted in 1953 of violating the Smith Act, 22,000 I.L.W.U. members on the piers and plantations suddenly began to relax quietly into the soft, balmy mood of the Islands. Though they had marched out on 116 postwar strikes or work stoppages before Hall was found guilty, they have seldom misbehaved since. The new look comes partly from a flat look in the union's pocketbook after paying for Hall's defense and Bridges' frequent court appearances to fight deportation to Australia. But it springs also from the union's suspicion that there lies a limit beyond which even the I.L.W.U., for its own security, ought not to strain Hawaii's sugar and pineapple economy.

With long-term contracts and less flaunting of the party line has come new acceptance for the I.L.W.U. in the eyes of island businessmen. And the union's sizable vote is sending politicians scurrying high and low after I.L.W.U. support; e.g., this month it helped Democrat John A. Burns easily unseat Republican Territorial Delegate Elizabeth Farrington from the U.S. Congress.

**Eastland Goes West.** Thus it was last fortnight that, when the I.L.W.U. staged a mammoth testimonial dinner for convicted Boss Hall at Honolulu's Kewalo Inn, a sprinkling of venturesome politicians were among the 800 diners. Among the venturesome: highly respected Territorial Attorney General Edward N. Sylva, 54, a prominent Catholic, and longtime Communist foe as chairman of the Territorial Commission on Subversive Activities. Sylva explained he had been invited by the rank and file, accepted their invitation

to see how the I.L.W.U. conducted itself. But he sat through some misconduct he had not anticipated.

Up rose hawk-nosed, Aussie-born Harry Bridges himself to rant in down-under accents against Mississippi's Senator James O. Eastland. Noting that Eastland and his Internal Security Subcommittee were westward bound and due in Honolulu soon to investigate Communist infiltration, Bridges threatened that I.L.W.U. members might leave their pineapple and sugar plantations, knock off work at the piers and meet the Subcommittee with an angry aloha.

**Unions Grow Up.** Though integrated Honolulu bears no love for Mississippi's Eastland, it recoiled next morning at a newspaper picture of Harry Bridges and Attorney General Sylva shaking hands while Jack Hall hovered in the background. Shocked, Governor Samuel Wilder King summoned Sylva to his office

## WASHINGTON

### Case of the Spattered Ceiling

Very baffling, thought Attorney David A. Weyer. A practicing lawyer for only two years, he had taken on his first criminal case and lost it. Violet Sill, 34, a bride of 15 months, had confessed, been tried and found guilty of manslaughter, had been sentenced to 20 years in prison. She had fired the shotgun that killed her tavern-owner husband Marion; this was incontrovertible. Yet for 34-year-old Dave Weyer, who had once worked in a children's psychiatric clinic, Violet Sill's continued insistence on her own guilt raised the suspicion that something was wrong with the case. He decided to straighten it out.

**Who Shot Again?** The case was a mess from the beginning. Violet had told the Seattle police, that night in 1954: "He's been nagging me for weeks, picking at me



COMMUNIST HALL, ATTORNEY GENERAL SYLVA & BRIDGES  
Oldtime tactics are hard-forgotten.

at Iolani Palace for a 20-minute lecture. The gist of his angry remarks: Sylva had no business honoring convicted Communist Hall, who was on bond pending an appeal "only because of the extreme leniency of American law."

The attorney general resigned. Though he denounced Bridges' threat as "a rash and useless act," Sylva offered no apology for attending the dinner. Said he: "No one could have misinterpreted my appearance there. I don't agree with Governor King's approach to the problem at all. There have been many substantial changes in unions in Hawaii in the past five years. Our thinking has got to change to keep abreast of the times."

But to worried Hawaiians, waiting for the I.L.W.U. to bait the Eastland subcommittee (and probably damage, in the Senate's eyes, territorial hopes for early statehood), the substantial changes suddenly seemed grimly unsubstantial.

and driving me nuts, and I couldn't stand it any longer." So, she said, as police examined husband Marion's fatal neck wound, she got out the shotgun, killed her husband as he lay on the couch, and wounded herself superficially in the arm and stomach in a suicide attempt—firing three shots in all. Satisfied with her story, the cops neglected to complete the normal crime-lab studies of the murder scene, fingerprints and other clues, arrested Violet Sill for murder.

Dave Weyer neglected nothing. He found not three shot patterns, but four: one in the bathroom doorjamb and the bathroom itself, a second in the living-room ceiling, a third in the couch, the fourth in the pine-paneled hall. Then a defense pathologist discovered bits of flesh on the ceiling, found fragments of Violet's jacket in the gaping hole in the couch. If Violet shot her husband—as she insisted—when he was on the couch, how



account for the human tissue on the ceiling and Violet's jacket threads in the couch? And had she really aimed and fired a shotgun at herself? And, if her story was correct that she fired three times, who reloaded the gun and fired the fourth shot? Finally, Lawyer Weyer asked himself again and again, why was Violet so determined to admit her guilt?

**A Need to Suffer.** Before the trial, Weyer brought in two psychiatrists. Violet, they concluded, was the sort of woman who had a "need" to "place herself in great jeopardy and receive punishment." Many years before, for example, Violet unreasonably blamed herself when her first husband was killed in a traffic accident. The doctors also agreed that Violet had a tendency to get herself into "situations where she was either beaten or subjected to frightening experiences by her husband"; it was known that Marion Sill had often beaten his wife.

This evidence Attorney Weyer never presented in court. He feared that 1) juries do not take sympathetically to psychiatric evidence; 2) such evidence would necessitate Violet's taking the stand, where she would only insist again that she was guilty; and 3) he still did not know enough to make sense out of the puzzling evidence at the murder scene. And so the jury brought in a verdict of guilty and the judge sentenced Violet to prison for 20 years.

**"He Was Gonna Shoot."** There, on Dave Weyer's insistence, Violet was brought to Psychiatrist G. Charles Sutch. Typically, in cascades of anxiety and tears, she persisted in saying: "I don't know what happened. I just don't remember." Sutch gave her a dose of Sodium Amytal (truth serum) in an attempt to break through the "tremendous amnesic barrier."

"You can remember, Violet," he persuaded her gently. "Tell me everything that happened." Violet haltingly told her story: she had returned home from a restaurant with her husband, quarreling, on the way, about the food. Then:

"I laid my purse and gloves on the chair."

"And then?"

"I walked around—I have to say everything?"

"Leave nothing out. Remember everything."

"I walked in my bedroom and I took off my shoes and hat. I laid the hat on top of the dresser. I came out—I had to go to the bathroom. When I came out he was standing there with a gun. He said he was gonna shoot my guts out. I started—I wanted—"

"Go on."

"He—the gun went off. I got scared. He shoved it in my stomach. I—he fired it and hit my arm—how he looked—I was scared. I ran—started to run for the door but he blocked my way—I couldn't get to the door. I ran to the corner window to call the neighbor lady—he shot me again—in the stomach. I fell on the floor. He knocked me down—he hit me—I don't know what, in the back of the neck. He was standing there with the end of the

gun on the floor—I crawled over—he said he was gonna kill me—then I grabbed the bottom of the gun—I reached up. I hit him, I shot him—I didn't mean to—I wanted to get away—he was standing there with the end—I grabbed and he wouldn't—and I just pulled the trigger—I didn't want to shoot him—I was trying to get the gun away so he wouldn't shoot me any more—he grabbed the phone—he fell off the chair—I grabbed the phone—I told him I didn't mean to hurt him—I was sorry, I didn't mean it . . ."

**The Final Shot.** Weyer now had only to substantiate Violet's story with physical proof. Into the case came Ballistics Expert Stanley MacDonald, Multnomah County detective chief in Portland, Ore. MacDonald examined fabric shreds, wall sections, photographs, figured the directions



Associated Press

VIOLET SILL  
Behind guilt, innocence.

of the four shots, compared firings from the shotgun. Two months later he presented his findings: Marion Sill had fired three times at Violet; then reloaded the gun; the fourth shot, which entered Sill's neck from a perpendicular angle, was the one that splattered his flesh on the ceiling, the one that Violet triggered from the floor. Furthermore, Expert MacDonald pointed out that the shots fired at Violet were aimed from at least 15 inches away; the gun barrel was 28 inches long. Conclusion: she could not have shot herself.

Last week Attorney Dave Weyer's petition for pardon was sent to Washington's Governor Arthur B. Langlie. With it were supporting statements from the trial judge and the head of the state parole board. Violet Sill, now 37, no longer felt a need to be pushed around, to feel guilty. Chances were good that she would soon be free.

Chances were good, also, that diligent Dave Weyer had won his first criminal case.

## POLITICAL NOTES

### Eggheds, Go Home

In its three years of publication, the *Democratic Digest* has served mostly as a canapé tray laden with fancily garnished political tidbits. Adlai Stevenson's egghed followers thought it had the flavor of real caviar. But most ordinary folks considered it just plain fish eggs—and rancid at that. Result: the *Digest* lost \$200,000 in struggling toward a monthly circulation of 70,000.

Last week Democratic National Chairman Paul Butler, in announcing that he planned to stay on at his post (a decision that seemed satisfactory even to his many party enemies, who were quite willing to let him undertake the thankless job of paying off the Democrats' \$1,000,000 deficit from the last campaign), said the *Digest* will no longer be aimed at a "limited intellectual audience." It will be converted from a "political luxury the party cannot afford" to a direct channel of communication between the national committee and Democratic precinct workers.

In thus risking the eggheds' ire, Chairman Butler served implicit notice that they, like the *Digest*, are an expendable political luxury.

### Adam's Fall

"Let's put it this way," said California's Democratic Representative Harry Sheppard last week. "The patronage committee is charged with taking care of Democrats. Period." Sheppard was explaining the action, just completed, of the House Democratic Patronage Committee in firing a Negro employee of the House post office and a Negro member of the Capitol police force. Cause for dismissal: both had received their appointments through New York's Democratic Representative Adam Clayton Powell Jr., a Negro who supported Republican Dwight Eisenhower for President because of his civil-rights record.

But if Powell was no longer considered a Democrat, what about Mississippi's pure-white Democratic Representative John Bell Williams, who backed States'-Rights T. Coleman Andrews against Adlai Stevenson? Was that a case of another color? Well, said Sheppard, his group had not "as yet gone through the entire employment category and classified Democrats v. Republicans."

To House Speaker Sam Rayburn from N.A.A.C.P. Executive Secretary Roy Wilkins came a letter urging against party punishment for Adam Clayton Powell. Reason: it might give the impression "that the Democratic Party is taking such action because of Mr. Powell's race, and also because of his efforts to secure passage of civil-rights legislation."

### Change in Maine

To Ike's hopes for a rising tide of modern Republicanism came a dash of bad tidings last week from a Down East stalwart. The tidebreaker: Frederick George Payne, 56, former (1949-53) Maine gov-

ernor and 1952 Ike-backer who edged out Taftman Owen Brewster in the 1952 primaries and is now Maine's junior Senator. The tidings: hard-working, quietly effective Frederick Payne will not seek re-election in 1958. Among the reasons for the change in Payne: his health (he has a chronic but not disabling heart disorder), his family (Mrs. Payne doesn't like Washington), his pocketbook (he'd like to get back to private business). The Senator, an aide explained, announced his plans so early to give the party "plenty of time to fill the seat with the right man."

Whatever the reasons, the effect of the announcement was to throw the 1958 Maine G.O.P. senatorial race wide open. Old Guard Owen Brewster, 67, who has been angling unsuccessfully for a federal job since 1952, was a possibility—an idea that brought shudders to liberal Republicans. Other possibilities: ex-Governor Horace A. Hildreth, 53, now U.S. Ambassador to Pakistan; University of Maine President Arthur Hauck, 63, a staunch Eisenhower supporter; and Congressman Clifford McIntire, the only Republican Representative from Maine to be re-elected by a comfortable margin this year (one was defeated, one squeaked through). Whoever gets the nomination will probably have to go up against popular Democratic Governor Edmund S. Muskie, 42, who won re-election last September in a landslide.

## Back from the Grave

Long after most congressional votes around the country had been counted and analyzed, House seats in three scattered districts still hung in balance. Last week, as the tabulation in each shifted from home votes to stacks of absentee ballots, incumbent Congressmen who seemed doomed to defeat were hoisted back into their seats on the shoulders of servicemen.



NEW JERSEY'S SIEMINSKI  
After defeat, victory.

Irving Wogen

students and traveling constituents. Items:

¶ In New Jersey's 13th District, incumbent Democrat Alfred D. Sieminski, 45, trailed Republican Norman Roth by 149 votes after his district's 282 voting machines had been counted. But Sieminski won 637 absentee votes to Roth's 431, finally edged his opponent 54,841 to 54,784, became the only Hudson County Democrat to withstand a G.O.P. rout of the Kenny machine.

¶ In Nebraska's Third District, following a hard-fought battle between two candidates who both favored the Bricker amendment and opposed foreign aid, northeast Nebraska's drought-suffering farmers blamed their misfortune on Ezra Benson-Backer Robert D. Harrison, 59, Democrat Lawrence Brock shocked Republican Nebraska by winning the home vote, 61,295 to 60,166. But when 3,500 absentee ballots had been opened, Republican Harrison won his fourth term by a narrow 256.

¶ In Washington's Fourth District, farm unrest also reacted against seven-term G.O.P. Congressman Hal Holmes, 54. Eastern Washington wheat farmers pinned their approval on Fellow Farmer Frank LeRoux of Walla Walla, who led Holmes by 1,290 after 142,000 votes in twelve counties had been totaled. But 10,000 absentees swung the decision back to Holmes by a slim 1,000 votes.

Final party vote in the House: Democrats 234, Republicans 201.

## Field Commander

With the U.S. Senate at razor-edge balance between 49 Democrats and 47 Republicans, the success of the Democratic leadership may well depend on the ability of the assistant majority leader, or whip, to cajole Democratic Senators of all hues and persuasions (including the Southern) into following the party line. Last week, casting about for someone to replace Kentucky's defeated Earle Clements as whip, Senate Democrats thought they had found a topnotch prospect: Montana's shy, sharp-featured Senator Mike Mansfield, 53, the heavy favorite to become field commander in charge of carrying out the strategic planning of Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson.

Michael Joseph Mansfield's promotion to a command post would provide a new twist to a strange career: he quit school in the eighth grade, ran off and joined the Navy (he lied about his age, then 14), served a year during World War I, was discharged, promptly entered the Army for a year, received another honorable discharge, enlisted in the Marine Corps, stayed two years—and came out, not as any sort of commander, but as a private first class.

Into the House. Back in Montana, dogged Mike Mansfield slaved days in the copper mines around Butte, slaved nights studying to make up for his missed education. Passing special entrance examinations, he went to the Montana School of Mines and Montana State University, won his master's degree in history and political science at 31, was appointed pro-



Walter Bennett

MONTANA'S MANSFIELD  
From ranks, leadership.

fessor of Latin American and Far Eastern history at Montana State. He gave up teaching for the U.S. House of Representatives in 1943 (having defeated Republican Jeannette Rankin, who cast the lone congressional vote against a U.S. declaration of war after Pearl Harbor), served five terms and carved out an influential place for himself on the House Foreign Affairs Committee. In 1944 Franklin Roosevelt appointed him presidential representative to study political and economic conditions in China. In 1951 Harry Truman made him a U.S. delegate to the United Nations General Assembly.

In the face of the Eisenhower landslide in 1952, Mansfield unseated Republican Senator Zales Ecton and moved to the other end of the Capitol. On the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, Mansfield won bipartisan respect for his carefully thought out, independent views, e.g., foreign aid administered with a high degree of selectivity and a close eye on costs ("I do not agree with those who argue that U.S. leadership requires us to spend billions simply to prove that we are more generous than the Russians"). In 1954 Dwight Eisenhower named him a delegate to the Southeast Asia Conference that resulted in the SEATO pact.

Up in the Senate. If Mike Mansfield becomes the Senate's Democratic whip, his soft, low-pressure approach may work against him; the job sometimes requires a wheeler-dealer with a big stick. But Mansfield has impressive support. Texas' Johnson is strongly behind him. So are many Southern conservatives (Mansfield was a special protégé of Georgia's retired Senator Walter George). So are such northerners as Minnesota's Hubert Humphrey, Oregon's Wayne Morse and Illinois' Paul Douglas. If he can persuade the dissident Democrats to work together, onetime Private First Class Mansfield may become a Senate commander of the highest rank.

# FOREIGN NEWS

## THE KREMLIN

### Disorder & Destruction

All week long the Kremlin put on a spectacular display of diplomatic pinwheeling which included a little bit of everything: threats, retreats, explosions, entreaties and insults. Some of it was planned confusion. But for the first time in living memory, Western observers also detected signs of frantic disorder in the Kremlin. On two occasions, the terrible-tempered Nikita Khrushchev shouted such insults at West-

the most important revolt in 39 years of Communist rule. The fact that the whole nation rebelled could not be concealed, veiled, or transformed by slanders, and the entire world could hear the echoes of the savage repression. Even party comrades were repelled. Other satellites stirred.

It was necessary to create new diversions. With a flourish of phrases ("faithful to its policy of ensuring peace") Radio Moscow announced that Russia was now "ready to examine" President Eisenhower's "open sky" aerial inspection plan.

"We are Bolsheviks!" he declared pugnaciously. "We stick firmly to the Lenin precept—don't be stubborn if you see you are wrong, but don't give in if you are right." "When are you right?" interjected First Deputy Premier Mikoyan—and the crowd laughed. Nikita plunged on, turning to the Western diplomats. "About the capitalist states, it doesn't depend on you whether or not we exist. If you don't like us, don't accept our invitations, and don't invite us to come to see you. Whether you like it or not, history is on our side. We will bury you!"

Just the day before, ambassadors of twelve NATO nations had walked out on a Khrushchev tirade that lumped Britain, France and Israel as bandits. Now Khrushchev was off again.

The Kremlin men cheered. Gomulka laughed. Red-faced and gesticulating, Nikita rolled on: "The situation is favorable to us. If God existed, we would thank him for this. On Hungary—we had Hungary thrust upon us. We are very sorry that such a situation exists there, but the most important thing is that the counter-revolution must be shattered. They accuse us of interfering in Hungary's internal affairs. They find the most fearful words to accuse us. But when the British, French and Israelis cut the throats of the Egyptians, that is only a police action aimed at restoring order! The Western powers are trying to denigrate Nasser, although Nasser is not a Communist. Politically, he is closer to those who are waging war on him, and he has even put Communists in jail."

"He had to," offered Soviet President Kliment Voroshilov. Khrushchev turned on him and said: "Don't try to help me."

"Nasser is the hero of his nation, and our sympathies are on his side. We sent sharp letters to Britain, France and Israel—well, Israel, that was just for form, because, as you know, Israel carries no weight in the world, and if it plays any role, it was just to start a fight. If Israel hadn't felt the support of Britain, France and others, the Arabs would have been able to box her ears and she would have remained at peace. I think the British and French will be wise enough to withdraw their forces, and then Egypt will emerge stronger than ever."

Turning again to the Westerners, Khrushchev declared: "You say we want war, but you have now got yourselves into a position I would call idiotic." ("Let's say delicate," offered Mikoyan) "but we don't want to profit by it. If you withdraw your troops from Germany, France and Britain—I'm speaking of American troops—we will not stay one day in Poland, Hungary and Rumania." His voice was scornful as he added: "But we, Mister Capitalists, we are beginning to understand your methods."

By this time, the diplomats—who, in turn, have come to understand Mister Khrushchev's methods—had already left the room.



GOMULKA & THE KREMLIN'S MEN

"If God existed, we would thank him for this."

Paris-Match

ern diplomats that they turned on their heels and left (see below).

Only in the Middle East did the Russians' bewildering profusion of moves seem astute and controlled. The Kremlin began the week counting out loud the number of Russian "volunteers" begging to set off for Egypt. At midweek, the counting abruptly ceased on receiving plain warning from President Eisenhower that the U.S. would oppose Russian intervention in the Middle East. Next day Premier Bulganin piously denied to France and Britain that Russia "follows in the Near East some sort of special aims directed against the interests of the Western powers." Thus, without expending a single Russian soldier, Russia got credit among many Arabs for having made peace possible in the Middle East. (Among those not fooled was Egypt's top leadership, which saw that the Russians did not intervene to prevent the Anglo-French attack, but only sought to exploit it.)

The Kremlin's Middle East maneuvers had the advantage, and perhaps the design, of diverting attention from a far more important event: the gallant and tenacious resistance of Hungary's patriots,

Only the Soviet proposal was not anything close to the Ike plan; Bulganin confined his mutual-inspection offer to a zone 500 miles wide on either side of the "line of deployment" between NATO and Warsaw Pact forces, which would allow the West to inspect satelliteland and a sliver of Russia, but permit Russian planes to fly over a disarmed Germany, most of France, and half of Britain.

After this fake little paeon to peace, the Kremlin announced "a new nuclear explosion" had been "carried out at a great altitude." If the world by now was left a little breathless and confused, the distractions were working well. But not all the confusion was planned. Before the week ended, it was clear that the Kremlin was suffering from divided counsels, hot tempers and international distress.

### "We Will Bury You!"

At the final reception for Poland's visiting Gomulka, stubby Nikita Khrushchev planted himself firmly with the Kremlin's whole hierarchy at his back, and faced the diplomats of the West, and the satellites, with an intemperate speech that betrayed as much as it threatened.

## HUNGARY

### The Unvanquished

In Vienna one day last week a Telex machine, ominously silent for almost a week, suddenly sprang to life. Slowly and with much stuttering an unknown keyboard operator in Budapest hammered out the following message:

BUDAPEST IS IN FERMENT TODAY. HUGE MASS DEMONSTRATION HANGS OVER CITY. TEN THOUSAND WORKERS FROM INDUSTRIAL AREAS ARE MARCHING ON PARLIAMENT. RUSSIAN AGENTS TRIED TO STOP THEM BUT HAVE BEEN BRUSHED ASIDE. THEY BLOCK ALL BRIDGES AND SPECIAL PATROLS ARE AROUND PARLIAMENT BUILDING.

From a dozen other sources, as the day went by, came confirmation of the astonishing news that Hungary, far from lying down under martial law, was alive and kicking its Soviet bosses. The mighty Red army had been unable to halt the paralyzing general strike of the incredible Hungarians, who abandoned street fighting after perhaps 25,000 Hungarians lost their lives, but found other ways to resist.

Both sides faced the other with harsh alternatives. Said a Soviet commander, listening to a Budapest workers' committee presenting its demands: "We approve of the right to strike, but we have many ways of bringing it to an end." Soviet field police seized the bank accounts of truck firms, arrested leading Hungarian journalists, imposed tight electric-power and food controls. Strikers had their own methods of enforcing the strike: they fired shots in front of buses that resumed running, and with hand grenades drove back workers who appeared at one factory.

At the great Csepel iron and steel works, strike leaders told the Russians they had mined all the factories and that if the Russians began shooting workers they would blow up the whole industrial area. At Miskolc (pop. 200,000), coal miners set up a volunteer organization to keep order, mined only enough coal to keep kindergartens and hospitals heated. At Győr, when some workers said they would go back to work, the town's bakers told them there would be no bread.

Workers' councils, mindful of shortening supplies of food and the lack of heat, met with Soviet commanders. A return to work, under certain conditions, might have been arranged but for the news which flashed through Budapest one day last week: the Russians were deporting Hungarians. Soviet police had been seen going from house to house arresting young rebels. Now the grapevine reported that at least 180 boxcar loads of Hungarians had been deported in a few days. Notes dropped by young deportees along the railroad tracks had been picked up. One of these, copied and circulated all over Budapest, read: "We are 1,500 and we shall be transported to Russia."

The news incensed Hungary. On this day even the diehard Communists producing the party newspaper *Nép Szabadság* went on strike. Even though the Russians had brought railroad workers from Russia to run the trains, the trains were stopped.

A group of rebels raided a railroad station, released 1,000 young students.

**Promises.** It was the fearful news of the deportations—the classic Siberian solution for troublesome minorities—that sparked the great workers' demonstration. In orderly ranks, but grim and determined, 10,000 men from Ujpest, Kispest and Csepel surrounded Parliament house. Here, protected by seven huge Soviet tanks, a dozen armored cars and Red army infantry, was the only piece of ground which could correctly be said to be controlled by the government. Workers' leaders went up to the Presidential Council chamber on the second floor to see Janus-faced Janos Kadar. They found a weary, bug-eyed



Associated Press

PREMIER JANOS KADAR

"This job is a burden to me."

Premier, who swore that only the young "firebrands" had been seized and would be held in camps inside Hungary only until "strengthening of the People's Democracy can be accomplished."

To get his wretched regime working, the desperate Kadar was ready to promise almost anything. Free elections? He was willing to take a chance on that. Multi-party government? "Find Bela Kovacs [onetime Secretary General of the Small-holders Party] for me, and I'll gladly cooperate with him." He was already negotiating with representatives of the Peasants' Party. Imre Nagy? "Bring him back, because this job is a burden to me." Only one thing Kadar could not promise, for it was not in his power. He would not order the Red army to quit Hungary.

That night the Telex in Vienna spelled out a broken message:

IN BUDAPEST THERE WERE BATTLES THIS NIGHT... FOUGHT FOR 74 MINUTES AFTER MIDNIGHT SHOT... NOBODY COULD... GUN FIRING... HUNGARIAN JOURNALISTS HAD MEETING AND ALL PROTESTED... THATS ALL AT THIS MOMENT... SORRY MADE MISTAKES BUT MY HAND WOUNDED... Soviet tanks were out in the streets

again. But the Soviet soldiers, Asian faces from faraway Mongolia and Kirghistan, seemed utterly confused. Some asked whether the river Raba, which runs through Győr, was "really the Suez Canal." At Kabanyma a Russian officer "sold" his tank to rebels for 44 lbs. of bread. One reason the Soviet Union was not hitting harder may have been provided by a report that 5,000 to 6,000 disarmed and untrusted Soviet soldiers were being held in a camp at Satoraljaujhely. Other refugees reported 200 to 300 Russian deserters fighting on the side of 8,000 Hungarian guerrillas in northwestern Hungary.

Soviet Presidium Members Anastas Mikoyan and Mikhail Suslov were said to be in Budapest working out a "solution." One solution that now appeared possible was one that a week ago seemed utterly improbable: the return of deposed Premier Imre Nagy. From his hideout in the small grey stone two-story Yugoslav embassy in Stalin Square (where a Soviet tankist a week earlier had killed the embassy's First Secretary Milenko Milonov), the intransigent Nagy sent word that he would have no dealings with Kadar. But Budapest's workers insisted that he was the only man they would trust to "ensure the achievements of our Revolution." Said a member of the Csepel workers' council: "We respect Nagy and we are anxious for him, and we wish that he remain in the Yugoslav embassy. First, there is no guarantee that the Soviets will not arrest him when he leaves and, second, what is the use of his taking over when he can't achieve the withdrawal of the Russians?" Defiant, but sensible of their lives, some of the workers' councils insisted that they wanted no armed help from the West, which might jeopardize their fight; they were confident they could win alone. The fact is, that for all their tanks, the Communists were bereft of one necessary ingredient of Soviet control, a trustworthy party apparatus among the people themselves, able to spot and block trouble.

At week's end Janos Kadar, party secretary without a real party, in a final desperate effort to end the general strike, issued a back-to-work ultimatum. To back up Kadar's stand Soviet Major General Grubennyik said that a further 20 Soviet divisions, comprising 200,000 men, were entering Hungary. Kadar assured the workers' councils that, once the strike had ended, the Red army would withdraw. No one trusted Kadar, but the Central Workers' Committee of Budapest, after a stormy debate at the Fivsek Club, agreed to try him out, reserving the right to strike again if he failed in his promise. The question was whether the workers, like the miners, who threatened to flood the pits rather than accept Kadar, would heed the bidding of their committee or Grubennyik's threat. If they did not, said the unknown Telex operator, the only thing left to the Soviet leaders was to bring Nagy back. Clattered irrepressible Budapest's irrepressible ghostwriter:

THE RUSSIANS WON THE BATTLE BUT THEY HAVE LOST THE WAR.



## POLAND

### The Razor's Edge

From time to time a Stalin purge victim turns up quietly in Moscow, but last week was the first occasion one was received with hands playing and flags flying. As the train bearing Poland's First Party Secretary Wladyslaw Gomulka pulled into Moscow's Belorussian station, a curious crowd pressed at the barriers for a glimpse of the man Stalin had jailed as a suspected "Titoist" in 1951 and whose recent rehabilitation had caused Stalin's successors much concern. Only a month ago First Party Secretary Khrushchev, flying in to Warsaw, had brushed Gomulka's hand aside, crying: "Traitor! I will show you what the road to socialism looks like. If you don't obey, we'll crush you" (TIME, Oct. 29). Now, as Gomulka stepped out, the trace of a smile on his thin lips, Khrushchev and Premier Bulganin, plump as penguins in their astrakhan greatcoats and caps, waddled forward to pump the lean Gomulka's hand.

**The Old Jargon.** "I am glad to be in the glorious capital of the great Soviet Union," said Gomulka. "Nothing is more important than our fraternal and friendly relations." Then, looking past the microphones, he let his thin smile fade and spoke with deadly earnestness: "The most lasting foundation for such relations are the Leninist principles of equality of rights of small and great nations. . . ."

The Russians grinned. These were the very words they themselves use to describe their proposed new Commonwealth of Socialist Nations. If only Hungary's deposed Communist Premier Nagy had spoken as correctly. Instead Nagy, yielding to the pressure of his people (and perhaps his conscience) had declared for neutrality, had denounced the Warsaw Pact and demanded the withdrawal of Soviet troops. Nagy had committed the cardinal crime of admitting non-Communists to his government. The good Gomulka, made wise by subsequent events in Hungary, had emphasized "accord" with the Soviet Union, had reaffirmed the Warsaw Pact and was rebuilding his government on strictly Communist lines. As they all drove off together in big black limousines, Kremlin cordiality seemed to promise a set of formulas aimed to satisfy Polish aspirations for "sovereignty and national independence."

Some of those formulas were already working. At the time of Khrushchev's descent on Warsaw the newly reinstated Gomulka had been on the point of firing the Soviet officers commanding Poland's 25-division army and had promised reforms in government. Last week, instead of being fired from the Polish Defense Ministry, Russia's Marshal Konstantin Rokossovsky was apparently to be gently pushed upstairs into Marshal Ivan Konev's job as top commander of all Warsaw Pact forces. Some 30 Soviet officers "resigning" from Polish units were winced and dined and presented with Polish decorations before going back to Russia.

For the Poles, there were some definite gains: the secret police has reportedly

been reduced to the status of a counter-espionage force, and the hated Ministry of State (Collective) Farms has merged with the Ministry of Agriculture. The press is still shackled, but Voice of America and Radio Free Europe broadcasts are no longer to be jammed. The Sejm (Parliament) enacted a new electoral law which promised liberalized, if not "free," elections in January. In Moscow Gomulka negotiated for more wheat and coal.

**Breathing Space.** The Polish Communist leaders had settled for "gradualism." The question is: Will a gradual transition to national Communism satisfy the Polish people? The Poznan trials had sparked a vast flare-up of national feeling in Poland. Peasant farmers abandoned their collective farms (280 farms dissolved in the Szczecin



MOLOTOV & SUSLOV

The dictator wanted no dictation.

district alone), workers took over factories, and university students demonstrated all over the country. The situation paralleled that in Hungary, except that the Communist leadership apparently reacted in time, and so earned a breathing space. Now something of a hero for his defiance of Khrushchev, Gomulka is using every available means, including the pleas of released Cardinal Wyszyński, to foster "national unity and calm." According to all reports out of Poland, the people are in a calmer and less demanding mood than for some time past, sobered not so much by Gomulka's words as by the example of savage Soviet repression in Hungary.

Gomulka gradualism has something in it for everybody—a chance for Poles to bring pressure without civil war, a chance for Russia to give concessions while keeping control. Thin-faced Wladyslaw Gomulka was the necessary man in between, an attractive place to stand—if only a man didn't have to plant both feet on a razor's edge. As he left Moscow he observed: "We can say with joy that our fears are not confirmed."

## YUGOSLAVIA

### Tito Talks

From the Poznan riots to the Battle of Budapest, the one voice which should have been heard above the tumult of revolt was that of Yugoslavia's Marshal Tito. For "Titoism," if not Tito, was at the bottom of most of the trouble. Yet Tito had little to say while events were going further than he intended. Like any dictator, he wanted no dictation from the streets. Last week Tito spoke.

What impelled Tito to clarify his position was an oblique rumor, reprinted with deliberate intent in Moscow's *Pravda*, that the "reactionary fascist uprising" in Hungary was all Tito's doing. To clear himself of this charge, Tito threw down the compromised Imre Nagy (who had found asylum in the Yugoslav embassy in Budapest): "If his government had been more energetic, if it had not hesitated one time one way and then another, if it had resolutely stood up against anarchy . . . things would have moved in a more correct way." Tito now supported the Soviet-puppet Kadar regime in Budapest because, "In my opinion they represent that which is most honest in Hungary."

**Justified Mistake.** The first Soviet intervention in Budapest, which led to the shooting down of workers, Tito called "absolutely wrong," brought on by stupid Stalinists not giving in to legitimate complaints. But later "reactionary elements interfered . . . an unleashed fascist reactionary mob . . . killed Communists." It was "clear that a horrible massacre, a horrible civil war would result . . . in which Socialism [Soviet variety] might be completely buried." Thus the second "Soviet intervention" with tanks to shoot down the rebels was "completely justified." It was also a "mistake": some Kremlinists "still believe that military strength solves everything. But just see how a bare-handed and poorly armed people resisted terribly when it had one aim—to free itself and be independent."

As Tito tells it, a great struggle is going on in the Kremlin between his kind of people and those he calls Stalinists. During his secret talks with Soviet leaders in the Crimea two months ago, he noted that "they began getting colder" toward himself and to earlier suggestions he had made for "democratization" of the Soviet satellite countries. However, he "did not take this too tragically," because he saw that "this was not the attitude of the entire Soviet leadership, but only of a section which had imposed its will on the others." In the end, to help them all out, Tito was willing to give his blessing to a tough character named Erno Gero whom the Russians wanted to fob off as a "Titoist" to ease the discontent in Hungary. It was Gero who first ordered the army to fire on the Hungarian rebels.

Said Tito: "It is our tragedy, the tragedy of us all together, that a terrible blow has been dealt to socialism. It is compromised." Tito meant that he, too, through his dickerings with Moscow, had been compromised.



**Inside Game.** The Communist play of his speech had a significance of its own. Both the Hungarian radio and Polish press carried excerpts from it. Moscow did not, nor did the Bulgarian, Rumanian or Czechoslovak radios. The Italian Communist press featured it; the French Communist press attacked it. This unusual pattern was an indication of where the tough line was in control, and where it was not.

Still playing an inside game in world Communism, Tito had hopes that the anti-Stalinists in the Kremlin will eventually triumph, though the wounded tone of his speech indicated that the Stalinist gang which is "acting so destructively" is now dominant in Russia, and the result will be "difficult times ahead." He mentioned no names, but Russian specialists identify the old guard as dominated by Molotov, Kaganovich and Mikhail Suslov.

## NORTH VIET NAM

### The Far East, Too

The Communist radio of North Viet Nam joined in reluctant unity with its Communist brothers in Eastern Europe. It had trouble to report, too. "Riots," said the Red radio, "broke out in Nghean Province when a gang of reactionaries, taking advantage of mistakes committed during the political implementation of the land reform, molested soldiers and cadres of the people's regime, seized quantities of arms and blocked traffic. Many dead and wounded were reported among the soldiers and cadres. Drastic measures have been taken to maintain security."

The over-populated province of Nghean, which lies south of Hanoi, is a troubled ground that in an earlier day produced wisky, goated Communist Dictator Ho Chi Minh. According to reports reaching South Viet Nam, peasants armed with swords and farm tools surprised Communist guards and took their weapons. Some Viet Minh local units joined the rebels, too. General Hoang Sam's crack 304th Division drove the insurgents into the hills, where they are now setting up the kind of guerrilla resistance that Comrade Ho pioneered.

## SOUTH VIET NAM

### No Longer a Pariah

Asia's neutralists have always been slightly standoffish about South Viet Nam's President Ngo Dinh Diem. They did not think his half of the country was here to stay; they did not approve of someone who openly accepted alliance with aid from the U.S. But Diem's surprising success, and Communist North Viet Nam's conspicuous failures, have been changing Asian minds. Last week Burma's U Nu, a man increasingly disillusioned by his Communist neighbors, paid a social call on Diem in Saigon, came away impressed: "I was told you were a man with a martial look, but I see you are charming." Added a U Nu aide: "Our press says Viet Nam is war-torn and wretched, but we find a very efficiently run country."

## UNITED NATIONS

### Arms & the Man

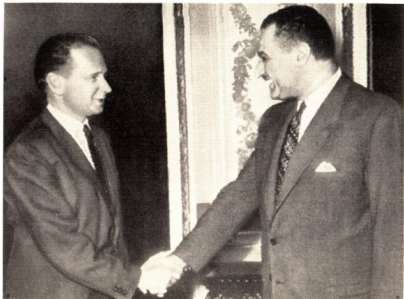
(See Cover)

Early one morning last week a Swissair DC-6B set down ten miles from the Suez Canal city of Ismailia. Out of the plane, looking slightly airsick, trooped 45 apple-checked young Danish soldiers wearing sky-blue helmet liners and arm bands. Falling them in, 30-year-old 1st Lieut. Axel Bojsen marched his men past a hangar, gutted by British bombers, up to an Egyptian brigadier. "On behalf of the Egyptian armed forces," intoned the brigadier, "I welcome you as guests, as troops of the United Nations Emergency Force."

Within the next 24 hours, the world's first international police force landed at

toric convulsions of the mid-20th century world: the upsurge of the peoples of Asia and Africa, and the conflict between Communism and democracy. The difficulties were immense. "For the first time in history," said Dwight Eisenhower, "an international machinery, set up by nations for the settlement of international disputes, is receiving a truly thorough test."

**Armless Parliament.** With deliberate optimism, the President left unsaid one fundamental fact: the test which the U.N. faced last week is a bigger one than it was designed to meet. Whatever the world's hopeful liberals and war-weary, propaganda-stuffed peoples may have believed, the hardheaded diplomats who met in San Francisco to write the U.N. Charter in the dying months of World War II had



HAMMARSKJÖLD & FRIEND IN CAIRO  
The loser would like to take all.

International

Abou Suweir air base—196 men: 45 Danes, 97 Norwegians and 54 Colombians. They were the first of a projected 6,000. Along with the Colombians came the man who had brought this historic force into being: a slight-shouldered, sandy-haired Swedish civilian named Dag Hjalmar Agne Carl Hammarskjöld.

Equipped only with small arms—and moral authority—U.N. Secretary-General Hammarskjöld and his flea-sized army appeared Lilliputian figures alongside the forces they were to keep apart (the Anglo-French invasion force alone was 50,000 strong). In Egypt the puny army must somehow ensure that two of the greatest nations in Europe abandon with grievous loss of face a last-ditch attempt to dominate a region of the world vital to their survival as major powers.

Far to the north lay an even tougher challenge with which neither Hammarskjöld nor any of his men had yet come to grips—the barbaric Soviet repression of Hungary's fight for liberty. And behind these specific problems lay the two his-

no intention of establishing a world government. At the common insistence of the major powers—the U.S. and Britain were just as adamant as the U.S.S.R.—the U.N.'s founders wrote into its constitution not just the veto but a series of provisions intended to ensure that the U.N. would never infringe on the sovereignty of its members—or, at any rate, of its big members. The fruit of their calculating labors was an emasculated version of the American Continental Congress: an armless parliament.<sup>9</sup>

Right from the start of the U.N., peace continued to depend upon the restraint of the big powers and the accommodations they were able to reach amongst themselves. Then, three weeks ago, British and French aggression in Egypt suddenly made clear the dismaying fact that when

<sup>9</sup> The Korean war, financed largely by the U.S., and fought largely by the U.S. and the South Koreans, involved the U.N.'s blue flag only because the Soviets had stupidly absented themselves from the U.N., and could not use their veto.



International  
U.S.'S LODGE & BRITAIN'S LLOYD

the chips were down, not only Russia but "respectable" major powers as well were willing to take the law into their own hands, breaking their U.N. pledge to renounce force, when they conceived their vital national interests to be at stake.

At that moment the U.N. found itself at a critical point when it must either evolve or stagnate and die. If it were to avoid the fate of the League of Nations, the U.N. had to find some means of impressing majority will upon even the biggest powers, and of doing what these big powers had said the U.N. was incapable of doing. It had to grow arms.

**Not by the Letter.** If the U.N. succeeds in evolving into something more, the shape it takes will owe much to Dag Hammarskjöld. As Secretary-General of the United Nations, Hammarskjöld holds a job whose very title carries overtones of impotence. Today, however, what was originally conceived of as the world's top civil-service berth (\$20,000 a year tax free and \$35,000 for expenses) shows promise of developing into an executive post of potentially immense power. Partly, this is a matter of impersonal historic forces—among them the tendency of a frightened legislature to yearn for a strong executive; partly, it reflects a U.S. decision to put its weight behind (or to lean against) the U.N. But partly, the expansion of power reflects the personal confidence which Hammarskjöld has inspired.

Keenly aware of the suspicion with which national states regard any proposal to limit their sovereignty—as Deputy Foreign Minister of Sweden he had plenty of practice in thinking in purely nationalistic terms—Hammarskjöld moves cautiously, never asks more power than he needs or the situations require. But he refuses to regard himself as a mere agent of a legislature. Given a mission, e.g., to arrange a cease-fire in Egypt, Hammarskjöld is guided not by the letter of his instructions but by his understanding of what the majority of the United Nations wants.

**The Unchanging Ghost.** Today, for better or worse, the U.N. is far more representative of the world as it is than the U.N. has ever been. Last week in a starkly modernistic, shell-shaped hall overlooking



Michael Rauscher-Lee  
INDIA'S MENON



Associated Press  
ISRAEL'S EBAN & MEIR



United Press  
EGYPT'S LOUFTI

New York City's East River, the U.N. General Assembly opened its eleventh regular session by admitting three new nations—Morocco, Tunisia and the Sudan—and formally welcoming the 16 other new members<sup>6</sup> hastily admitted in the closing days of the 1955 session. The Assembly's new president, Siam's Prince Wan Wai-thayakon, grandson of King Rama IV of *The King and I*, pointed out the significance of these admissions: "The increasing importance of Asia and Africa." In today's 79-nation U.N., the balance of voting power has shifted from the 20 Latin American republics, which generally voted with the U.S., to the Asian-African members, which, despite the absence of Red China and Japan, now number 25. No longer can the Western allies, balked in the Security Council, count upon prevailing in the General Assembly. By adding their votes to those of the nine Communist members, the new nations of Asia and Africa can henceforth prevent any resolution they dislike from obtaining the necessary two-thirds majority.

Representative as it may be, the U.N. in action is rarely an inspiring sight. From their birth, both the Security Council and the General Assembly have inevitably possessed in magnified form all the vices of any legislature—the wordiness, the apparent remoteness from reality, the outbursts of hypocritical indignation, and, above all, the endlessly reiterated statements for the record. Snapped U.S. Delegate Henry Cabot Lodge, after a recent attack on the U.S. delivered by burly Soviet Foreign Minister Dmitry Shepilov: "Having been here almost four years and heard the speeches of the late Mr. Vishinsky, of Mr. Gromyko, Mr. Zorin and Mr. Sobolev, I can only conclude, after hearing Mr. Shepilov's speech today, that the man who writes the speeches is still the same."

At the opening of a session, or during moments of great crisis, member nations still send their big guns to the U.N. (Last week's opening of the General Assembly attracted the Prime Ministers of Greece, Laos, Tunisia and Luxembourg, as well as 43 Foreign Ministers, including those of Britain, France and the U.S.S.R.) But

the caliber of the permanent delegates today is not what it was.

Today Russia's permanent spokesman at the U.N. is Arkady Sobolev, an unimpressive Sunny Jim. Britain's Sir Pierson Dixon, though quietly effective behind the scenes, is a careworn Leslie Howard in appearance. Most impressive of the big-power delegates is broad-shouldered, faultlessly tailored Henry Cabot Lodge. Forceful but no longer overbearing, Lodge has grown on the job. The gallery-conscious dramatics and freewheeling Capitol Hill political habits which he brought with him when he first came to the U.N. have largely disappeared, and ever since the beginning of the Mideast crisis he has shown himself an able tactician, dispassionate and generally diplomatic. Last week he succeeded in keeping off the agenda, for the seventh year in a row, the question of U.N. membership for Red China.

**"Quite an Achievement."** The most dispiriting thing about U.N. debates is not their occasional descent into abuse, or their relentless prolixity. It is the fact that, with rare exceptions, U.N. debates are conducted in a vacuum—and when they result in "decisions," no one who finds those decisions unpleasant feels obliged to listen. Three weeks ago, attempting to justify to the House of Commons Britain's failure to consult the U.N., Foreign Minister Selwyn Lloyd called the U.N. "a policeman with both hands tied behind his back." In Canberra last week Australian Prime Minister Gordon Menzies, protesting the exclusion of British and French troops from the U.N. Emergency Force, said with bitter sarcasm: "It won't be easy . . . to establish an international force of two battalions to protect Hungary against the Soviet Union, will it? That is a 30- or 40-division job; so I hope you will acquit me of being pessimistic when I say that I don't believe Hungary is going to be protected . . ." From Paris, former French Premier Georges Bidault, who helped write the U.N. Charter, chimed in: "The United Nations became harmful a long time ago. They have established many inquiries without solving anything."

In much of the world, however, the increasing lack of faith in the U.N. was suddenly replaced a fortnight ago by a surge of hope when the armless parlia-

<sup>6</sup> Albania, Austria, Bulgaria, Cambodia, Ceylon, Finland, Hungary, Italy, Ireland, Jordan, Laos, Libya, Nepal, Portugal, Rumania, Spain.



Robert Cohen—Black Star  
FRANCE'S PINEAU



Capital Press Service  
CANADA'S PEARSON

ment succeeded in obtaining the ceasefire in Egypt. Said one prominent Egyptian last week: "Arabs have a new attitude toward the U.N. They realize now that it is not simply a camouflage for the ambitions of the big powers." In Germany, Cologne's *Neue Rhein Zeitung* conceded: "One must state with astonishment that the U.N. is stronger than it seemed." Even New York's xenophobic *Daily News* (which usually wishes that its 42nd Street neighbor would drop dead) credited Dag Hammarskjöld's "diplomatic menagerie" with "quite an achievement."

From Norway and West Germany came suggestions that Hammarskjöld be given the Nobel Peace Prize. The weightiest tribute of all came from Dwight Eisenhower, who last week told his press conference: "The man's abilities have not only been proven, but a physical stamina that is . . . almost unique in the world has also been demonstrated by this man, who, night after night, has gone with one or two hours' sleep—working all day, and, I must say, working intelligently and devotedly."

**Private Faces.** Sensitive and deceptively youthful in appearance, 51-year-old Dag Hammarskjöld is a scion of one of Sweden's most notable political families. His father was the Prime Minister who kept Sweden out of World War I. Hammarskjöld was from childhood a quiet, reserved person whose pastimes were solitary (mountaineering, cycling) and whose interests were intellectual (modern poetry and modern art). Despite what colleagues called his "devastating impersonality," his brilliant record as an economist and his outstanding administrative skill made him, at 31 Under Secretary of Finance, and, at 36, chairman of the Bank of Sweden.

In a freehand paraphrase of British Poet W. H. Auden, Bachelor Hammarskjöld often declares: "Private faces should not be caught in public places"—and for some time after he became U.N. Secretary-General he was dismayed by the extent to which his private face was on public display. But he also inherited, as he once wrote, "a belief that no life was more satisfactory than one of selfless service to your country—or humanity. This service required sacrifice of all personal interests"—including, it soon became clear, the pleasures of anonymity. Hammarskjöld came to recognize that in a job



RUSSIA'S SOBOLEV, KUZNETSOV & SHEPILOV

International

whose prestige comes from acting as the world's conscience, there is no substitute for dramatic gestures. The first fruit of this realization was on a trip to Peking in January 1955, to negotiate with Chou En-lai for the release of 15 captive U.S. flyers. "Everything the Secretary-General said to Chou could have been said by diplomatic pouch," admits a U.N. bureaucrat. "But the physical fact of the trip served to focus world attention and moral pressure, and the flyers were turned loose."

**Fingertip Understanding.** A far more significant achievement was his success in winning the confidence of U.N. delegates in hundreds of quiet sessions in his spick, pine-paneled office on the 38th floor of the U.N. Building. He absorbed the opinions and aspirations of delegate after delegate with a clear-eyed sympathy that rapidly earned him a reputation for brilliance, discretion and impartiality. Hammarskjöld does not pretend to be impartial at heart ("You love some things and you loathe others"), but he does his best to bring to his job the objectivity of a good historian. "The public," says he, "never sees that, with the kind of person you have to deal with on a high level, you can take it for granted that in his eyes he has a good case. There must be some elements in his case you can recognize as right."

In time, Hammarskjöld has become one of two men who really have fingertip understanding of the entire U.N. (The other: his executive assistant, Andrew Cordier, a husky, onetime professor from Indiana who has been described as "a Wallace Beery with brains.") Wisely, Hammarskjöld never employed too nakedly this power. "If I think a man is being foolish," he says, "I may have to tell him. But I can't, as you say, blow my top. I have to be frank, but without heat."

**"The Highest Regard."** When he first got news of the Anglo-French ultimatum to Egypt, Dag Hammarskjöld, who has closer intellectual and emotional ties with the British and French than with any other group in the U.N., went into a state of near shock. Late that night, after Britain and France had vetoed two Security Council cease-fire proposals, Hammarskjöld went to his eight-room apartment

at East 73rd Street and Park Avenue and tried to get some sleep. But sleep would not come, and at dawn his housekeeper found him hunched over the desk in his study, writing out a statement in longhand.

A few hours later, still trembling with tension, Hammarskjöld went before the Security Council and delivered the statement: a diplomatically veiled but unmistakable offer to resign. "A Secretary-General," said he, "cannot serve on any other assumption than that—within the necessary limits of human frailty and honest differences of opinion—all member nations honor their pledge to observe all articles of the Charter."

There followed a rare display of international unanimity. One by one the members of the Security Council rose to express their faith in the unsmiling Swede. "The U.S.," said Henry Cabot Lodge, "thinks highly of the Secretary-General, of his mind and of his character." The Soviet delegation, declared Arkady Sobolev, "has confidence in the Secretary-General and lends him its support." Unfazed by Hammarskjöld's indirect reproaches to their governments, the French and British delegates chimed in, too. "We have the highest regard for the integrity and impartiality of Mr. Hammarskjöld," said Sir Pierson Dixon. From Cairo, President Nasser fired off a personal cable to Hammarskjöld, urging him to stay on the job.

**Out of the Air.** Now, buttressed by what amounted to a vote of confidence, Hammarskjöld plunged into action. Returning to his office, he summoned members of the Yugoslav delegation and helped them draft a "uniting-for-peace" resolution—the Dean Acheson gambit for bypassing the Security Council, devised to deal with Russian vetoes in the early days of the Korean war. Promptly approved by the necessary minimum of seven Security Council members, the Yugoslav motion gave the vetoless General Assembly authority to act on the Middle East crisis.

At lunch the same day with Canadian External Affairs Chief Lester Pearson, Hammarskjöld sparked an even more dramatic move: creation of a U.N. police force. "The idea has been floating around for years," said a U.N. official. "Ham-

Hamarskjold reached up into the air and brought it down and there it was, sitting in the middle of the room, staring at us."

**Overnight Effort.** On Lester Pearson's motion, the General Assembly, in a marathon seven-hour session, directed Hamarskjold to devise concrete plans within 48 hours. Despite the constant interruption of cables, phone calls and urgent conferences, he went to work at once.

In the midst of this labor came word that the Israelis had agreed to a cease-fire. Interrupting his dictation, Hamarskjold shot off an urgent note to Eden and Mollet: the time had come, he said, for Britain and France to lay down arms.

An hour later he went before the Security Council to announce a piece of good news: Britain and France were willing to stop fighting as soon as the police-force plan could be adopted by the U.N. Then he hustled back to his office, where, with Cordier and Under Secretary Ralph Bunche, he continued to work over his police-force recommendations until 2:30 a.m.

Nine hours later, into the Secretary-General's office came Britain's Sir Pierson Dixon, with word that on the basis of Hamarskjold's police-force report, Britain and France were ordering their forces to cease fire.

**Commander in Chief.** Next day Commander in Chief Hamarskjold began organizing his army.

As it turned out, the least of the U.N.'s problems was getting troops. Even before the General Assembly approved his military recommendations, Hamarskjold had negotiated offers of troops from Colombia, Norway and Canada. Less than a week after it came into existence, the United Nations Emergency Force had at its disposal some 5,000 troops of eight nations.\*

At Hamarskjold's request, the Italian government agreed to let the U.N. use Capodichino Airport near Naples as a staging area for the flight to Egypt. Next, Hamarskjold asked his old friend Auguste Lindt, the Swiss observer at the U.N., if the Swiss government would permit Swissair to lift the troops from Italy to Egypt. Swallowing hard, the neutrality-cherishing Swiss, who do not even belong to U.N., finally agreed. The U.S. agreed to move the Indians, Danes, Norwegians, Swedes, Colombians and Finns from their homelands to Capodichino, but using the Swiss for the final leg was a characteristic Hamarskjold touch.

The complex job of providing this odd-lots army with uniforms, rations, weapons, billets, etc.—a task Hamarskjold turned over to Ralph Bunche—proved the hardest of all. The first plan to give the U.N. soldiers some distinctive article of clothing foundered temporarily when a hasty check of Europe and North America failed to turn up any berets that could be dyed U.N. blue; as a stopgap, the U.N. planners fell back on blue-sprayed helmet liners furnished by the U.S. Army base at Leghorn, Italy. Rations at Capodichino—continental breakfasts and *pasta*—left the

Scandinavian troops down in the mouth, and the 24,000 C-rations which the U.N. had requested from the U.S. Army were not yet available. The three DC-6Bs supplied by Swissair could not be expected to lift more than 150 men a day to Egypt, and in short order Capodichino was jammed with more troops than it could possibly billet.

But somehow, despite the innumerable and inevitable snafus, UNEF miraculously began to take shape. This week Canadian General Edson Burns, former chief of the U.N. Palestine Truce Supervision Organization and commander of the new force, had 540 men actually on the ground in Egypt.

**The Loose Ends.** As Hamarskjold told it, the reason he flew into Egypt with his police force last week was "to see

prepared to treat Nasser as the aggrieved party, as well as the host nation of the first international army.

But to give in too much to Nasser was to ire the British and French, who are unhappily halted in a narrow peninsula at Port Said and along a 500-yard strip running halfway down the canal. Despite the fact that the U.N. cease-fire resolution called for the immediate departure of all foreign troops from Egyptian soil, the British insist that they cannot remove their forces until there is either: 1) a general settlement of Middle Eastern problems, including airtight protection against Egyptian interference with Suez traffic, or 2) an "adequate" (i.e., division-size) U.N. force based in the Canal Zone.

And a third party has still to be brought around: Israel's David Ben-Gurion, who wants political rewards for surrendering his military gains. Ben-Gurion, from past experience, has a low opinion of Hamarskjold's famed diplomatic technique. In the Israeli view, Hamarskjold thinks that situations can be solved merely by formulating them.

Hamarskjold well knows that as their original fears diminish, each party to the cease-fire will be more inclined to haggle. But he can also count on their awareness that if the U.N. fails to convert the cease-fire into a stable truce, it is a virtual certainty that the Soviets will be rolling Middle Eastern waters again.

**"The Necessary Conclusions."** If the U.N. has not yet clearly demonstrated its ability to deal with the Middle Eastern crisis, it has even less to be proud of in Hungary. "When people heard that the General Assembly had postponed even for a few hours its debate [on Hungary]," said one escapee from Budapest, "a great number of the Freedom Fighters laid down their arms and surrendered."

Scarcely less humiliating was the way in which the U.S.S.R. and its Hungarian Communist stooges had flouted the U.N. Not only had the new Hungarian regime refused to honor a General Assembly resolution calling for admission of U.N. observers to Hungary, it had also rejected Hamarskjold's suggestion that he go to Budapest himself. And in the General Assembly, Soviet Deputy Foreign Minister Vasily Kuznetsov brazenly proclaimed his nation's contempt for civilized opinion and for the General Assembly resolution (passed by a vote of 50 to 8) censoring the USSR over Hungary. "People who are loyal to the high ideals of the U.N.," said Kuznetsov, "will, I am sure, draw the necessary conclusions from Hungarian events—so that never in the future will counter-revolutionary forces, basing themselves upon assistance from international reaction, be able to unleash . . . sanguinary orgies."

**"Orderly Progress."** Yet it is an article of faith in U.N. corridors that "Russia is not indifferent to world opinion," whatever it may say. And Great Britain, which had so lately ignored the U.N. by its invasion of Egypt, was now trying to say that it had done so only for the U.N.'s own good. "If the result of our action is



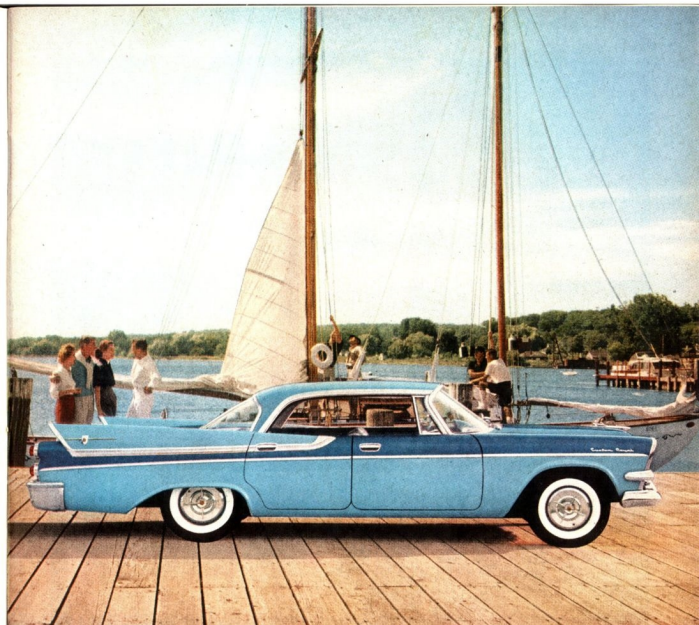
Leo Rosenthal—Fitz  
UNEF COMMANDER BURNS  
The Lilliputians were coming.

that there are no loose ends." In cold fact, as he well knew, there was scarcely anything but loose ends. By universal agreement, the cease-fire in Egypt could be maintained only if the U.N. police force functioned satisfactorily. But no two interested parties agreed on what the police force was supposed to do.

With his armed forces shattered and large chunks of his nation under foreign occupation, Egypt's Gamal Abdel Nasser persisted in behaving like a victor. "Today," bragged Cairo's government-backed *Al-Gumhuria*, "it is Egypt that will dictate terms." The Anglo-French forces, insisted the Egyptian dictator, must leave Egypt immediately—and as soon as they had gone, the U.N. police force must also get out of the Canal Zone and confine itself to patrolling the old 1949 Egyptian-Israeli armistice line. As for the Suez question, said Nasser, not until British and French forces left Egypt could the Egyptian government even agree to permit any steps toward reopening of the canal to navigation. Hamarskjold was

\* Canada, Colombia, Denmark, Finland, India, Norway, Sweden and Yugoslavia.





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## MIDDLE EAST LOYALTIES

*"Russia is now the dominant power in the Middle East," was a phrase heard often in high places last week and echoed by pundits and editorial writers. But though the worry over Russia's Middle East ambitions is real, a country-by-country survey shows that the Soviet Union is as yet far from dominant. The line-up:*

to equip the U.N. with the effective means to enforce its resolutions," said Anthony Eden, "we shall be well rewarded." Privately, some of the U.N.'s presumed best friends were saying that unless it becomes really effective, it should quit; Britons, Frenchmen and Belgians were throwing rocks at precisely the time when the U.N. was trying to grow. Britain's Lord Birkhead grumbled that many who seek "refuge in the U.N. are suffering from nothing more complicated than cowardice."

In such a climate and in an hour of crisis, Dag Hammarskjöld worked tirelessly, within the limits of his limited powers, to strengthen the U.N. It was not his style to promise sweeping settlements of the world's problems. "But I do believe," he says, "in the possibility of an orderly progress toward solutions, and that for me is enough as a source of optimism." To ask more of the U.N., as it is presently constituted, is to ask too much.

### THE ARABS

#### Look Out for Moscow

*Take counsel among yourselves, and if they agree with you, well and good; and if otherwise, then put your trust in Allah, and do that which you deem best.*

—The Koran

In the biggest crisis in their brief national history, the rulers of the Arab Middle East went faithfully by the Book last week. They took counsel together—and disagreed.

As guests of Lebanon's President Camille Chamoun, Kings, Presidents and other potentates met secretly in a UNESCO villa on the outskirts of Beirut. Escorted by goggled Lebanese motorcycle cops and gowned Bedouins armed with golden daggers and Tommy guns, Saudi Arabia's King Saud arrived in a heavily curtained Cadillac. Setting aside old blood feuds, Iraq's young King Feisal and his cousin, Jordan's Hussein, Hashemites both, addressed Saud respectfully as "Father." Syria's President Shukri el Kuwatly was on hand, freshly back from a visit to Moscow. In this impressive panoply, only Nasser's Ambassador to Lebanon was not hand to speak for Egypt.

**The Old Enemy.** The rulers quickly found that they could not even agree on why they met. Egypt and Syria wanted all Arab states to act jointly against the French and British invaders. The Iraqis broke in to say that Israel was a more urgent problem than Suez. "The uprooting of Israel is the only practicable method to secure peace and order in the Middle East," said the Iraqis, arguing that as long as the Palestine question was left unsettled, the door to Soviet penetration stood wide in the Middle East.

From there on the debate grew hotter and hotter. Syria, Saudi Arabia and Egypt wanted all Arab states to break off relations with Britain and France unless the invaders pulled out of Egypt at once. But Jordan and Iraq were not yet ready to break with Britain, source of much of their revenues, and Lebanon's Chamoun

**Turkey** (pop. 24,110,000). Hates and fears Russia, whether Russia is Communist or not. A secularized Moslem state, very friendly to the U.S., Turkey is the eastern anchor of NATO. Its 500,000-man army is the area's best. Sides with Britain over Cyprus. Turks dislike Nasser, chiefly because he opened the door to the Russians in the Middle East.

**Iran** (pop. 21,146,000). Like Turkey, a Moslem—but not an Arab—state. Three years ago the country was falling into anarchy after Britain's failure to negotiate a fair Anglo-Iranian oil deal. A weepy Mossadegh (TIME, Jan. 7, 1952) tried to rule from a hospital cot, and Iran was in danger of a Communist coup. That danger is safely past. Iran's Premier is a former ambassador to, and a good friend of, the U.S. The 37-year-old Shah now has firm control of his country, and on a recent trip to Moscow ably defended his country's membership in the anti-Communist Baghdad Pact. Americans help train the army, advise many government departments. Iran usually sides with the Arabs, but disliked Nasser's seizure of the Suez Canal Company.

**Iraq** (pop. 5,200,000) is the only Arab member of the anti-Communist Baghdad Pact. Egypt's chief rival for Arab leadership, Iraq was until recently counted a British preserve. Tough old Nuri es-Said, Iraq's strongman, is Britain's best Arab friend in the area, but under pressure of nationalists 1) announced publicly, after the Suez invasion, that Iraq will boycott all Baghdad Pact meetings attended by Britain, 2) told the U.S. privately that if he is to survive he must disengage from the British. Rich oil reserves, well spent on long-range development programs, give Iraq a good prospect of stability after Nuri.

**Lebanon** (pop. 1,425,000). Smallest Arab country, officially half Christian and half Moslem, the cultural and commercial center of the Arab Levant. Pro-U.S., and less hostile to Israel than any other neighboring state. Lebanon alone among the Arabs has so far refused to break diplomatic relations with Britain or France.

**Saudi Arabia** (pop. 7,000,000). King Saud, world's most absolute ruler, is strongly anti-Communist. He is pro-U.S., relying for nearly 90% of his revenues on oil from the U.S.-owned Arabian American Oil Co.'s fields. A Nasser ally, he has fought with British over control of neighboring oil sheikdoms. Saud fears that recently Nasser

has gone too far, thinks his nationalizing the canal has endangered the King's oil profits. Violently anti-Israeli, Saud is obviously disturbed by Egypt's poor military performance against Israel, also dislikes Nasser's playing with the Russians.

**Israel** (pop. 1,748,000). Dependent on U.S. private and public funds for one-third of its government expenditures. At the moment France is its closest ally, linked by equal dislike of the Arabs. Israel has most stable and most democratic government in the area, a victory-flushed army probably capable of defeating all Arab nations together. Last week, having withdrawn their ambassador, the Russians sent Israel a stiff note questioning its "existence" as a state. Without formal allies, Israel now finds it necessary to stand as close as it can get to the U.S.

**Egypt** (pop. 22,500,000). The vast ant heap of Soviet equipment received by Nasser surprised the Israelis, the English and French. Nasser believed that he could take Russian help without becoming a prisoner of the Communists, was obviously too cocksure. But signs persist that he is still nervous about becoming too dependent on the Russians.

**Syria** (pop. 3,806,000). One state where the Russians are out ahead. Known as the "running sore of the Middle East," Syria is the most Communist-infiltrated state in the Middle East. Likeliest site of a Russian base in the area, already stocked, according to the British, with \$56 million worth of Soviet arms. President Shukri el Kuwatly, just back from a big Moscow welcome, bows to pressure of young leftist army elements led by a Commie-lining security chief. Nasser's closest ally, Syria broke off diplomatic relations with Britain and France.

**Jordan** (pop. 1,500,000, one-third Palestinian refugees). Has broken off relations with France, and London has announced "temporary withdrawal" of its military mission, foreshadowing the end of the \$25 million British subsidy. Its Harrow-educated King Hussein, 21, is pro-British; its newly elected parliament is rabidly nationalist and leftist; its youthful, pro-Nasser army boss made a military pact with Egypt and Syria just before the invasion of Egypt. But the Arab Legion, now called the Jordanian army, is no longer the trim fighting force British commanders once made of it. Chaotic Jordan may turn out to be the next land fought over. Today, it is anybody's pigeon (except Britain's).

did not want to break with anybody. The Iraqis let neighboring Syria know that they were extremely unhappy at destruction of the Iraq Petroleum Co.'s pipeline across Syria. By blowing up three desert pumping stations, the Syrian army cut off 90% of Iraq's oil output for an estimated six months, at a cost in royalties lost to the Iraq treasury of about \$80 million. The Syrians snapped right back at Iraq for keeping its ties with Britain. At one table-pounding session, Foreign Minister Salah el Bitar, another Syrian just back from Moscow, charged that Iraq was Britain's and Israel's tool. An Iraqi retorted: "That's better than being a Communist."

**The New Hero.** Following the ancient Arab proverb that the enemy of my enemy is my friend, Syria's fiery Bitar and Jordan's fellow-traveling Foreign Minister Abdullah Kimawi demanded some statement of solidarity with Russia for what a

## COMMUNISTS Disorder in the Ranks

Far more than in the U.S., the cries of Hungary's agony reverberated through Europe. They even penetrated the closed world of Communism. Across Europe, veteran comrades resigned in disillusion; party leaders struggled with protests and outright rebellions.

In France, the beleaguered Communists tried a desperate show of defiant strength. They ordered their strongest instrument—the *Confédération Générale du Travail*, whose 1,000,000-plus membership makes it the dominant power of French labor, to pull a nationwide, one-day strike. "Let us unite to stop fascism," they cried, meaning by fascism the resistance of all Hungarians to the Russian tanks. Last week the walkout came. It was a colossal and embarrassing flop. In the Paris area

was doughty Harold's unpleasant duty to point out to his countrymen that whatever the verdict of history might be, it was bound to prove expensive.

Sir Anthony Eden's summary action in Egypt had already cost his nation from £35 million to £50 million. It had put the Suez Canal itself out of operation for perhaps six months, and reduced Britain's supply of vital Middle Eastern oil to a trickle. Valuable dollar reserves must be spent to buy oil elsewhere. "Whatever happens," said Harold Macmillan, "it is quite clear that there must be—I do not wish either to minimize it or exaggerate it—that there will be, a serious temporary effect upon our economy . . ."

To many a Briton, and to the Laborite Opposition in particular, the words meant a gloomy return to an all-too-familiar picture of belt tightening and austerity—soaring prices, short supplies, rationing, unemployment and inflation. The Ministry of Fuel and Power already has a complete supply of new ration books on hand, and is drafting an army of clerks to pass them out. Gas rationing seems a certainty by Christmas time, with the private motorist the first to suffer from it. Some industries dependent on oil are making plans to convert to coal, which will in turn bring up the problem of getting more coal. Steel production and its offspring, shipbuilding, will soon feel the pinch. Supplies of tin, rubber, wool and tea, all normally shipped through Suez, will inevitably decline.

Though Anthony Eden seems to be coming safely through his political crisis over Suez, Britain's economic day of reckoning is still to come. "It's easy enough to rally the roast-beef opinion of the country," said one disillusioned Tory last week, "but the fact is, we're in a helluva mess. We haven't a shred left in the Middle East, and not much anywhere else."

## Second Front

In Cyprus the British issued two casualty lists. The first showed a total of 32 British and French officers and men killed—in the Port Said fighting. The second listed 32 Britons and Cypriots killed in the same period—on Cyprus. Never since the terrorist EOKA, the Greek Cypriot underground, started its campaign of violence 18 months ago had so much blood been shed in so short a time.

## One Place at Peace

"I am very glad and thankful," said Colonial Secretary Alan Lennox-Boyd, to bring "heartening news" to a House of Commons that had been hearing bad news all week. His news: the end of the Mau Mau war. Britain's dirtiest and most tedious war was over, after four years in which 10,505 Mau Mau terrorists were killed, at the price of 1,168 casualties among native and British forces, and close to 3,000 civilians killed or wounded.

Martial law is at an end, but the state of emergency continues, permitting the government to hold 42,000 Mau Maus in prison camps—34,000 without trial because the government lacks evidence to convict but fears to turn them free.



ARAB POTENTATES IN BEIRUT\*  
They could not even agree on why they met.

Syrian called its "noble and gallant stand" against "imperialist aggression" in Egypt. The other Arab leaders at the conference were in no mood to lean too heavily towards Russia. Even Nasser's ambassador counseled caution. King Saud warned the Syrians sternly against going too far toward throwing in their lot with Communism. So deep was the conference split that it broke up without ever agreeing on an agenda, and the final communiqué, after denouncing Britain, France and Israel, called conservatively and constructively for a solution of the Suez Canal question through the U.N. "in negotiations between the parties concerned, away from any display of pressure and prejudice and on the basis of the 1888 convention and the six principles laid down by the U.N. on Oct. 16, 1956."

The Arab nations might cheer Nasser, but it was plain that each would do as the Prophet bade, only that which it deemed best.

not a single bus, subway or trolley ground to a halt. Out of 600,000 metal and auto workers in the notorious "Red Belt" around Paris, only 3,000 obeyed the C.G.T. summons, and even they returned to work after half an hour. At the Simca factory in Nanterre the only 600 workers to leave their machines were those giving blood for wounded Hungarian rebels.

## GREAT BRITAIN Austerity Again

"History alone," Britain's Chancellor of the Exchequer Harold Macmillan told the House of Commons last week, "will prove whether what we did was right or wrong," and he added, "I believe that history will show that we have chosen aright." But as keeper of the national purse strings, it

\* Left to right: Iraq's King Feisal, Jordan's King Hussein, Syria's President el Kuwathly, Saudi Arabia's King Saud, Lebanon's President Chammoun.



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Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

The Red Dean of Canterbury, Kremlin-loving **Dr. Hewlett Johnson**, 82, an anachronistic Marxist who still sees the same world that was decreed in the Communist Manifesto of 1848, wended his way to Britain's University of Durham, to harangue some 350 students on his threadbare theme of "world peace through trust in the Soviet Union." He had barely begun babbling when seven students entered the hall, bore down the aisle a coffin draped in Hungary's national colors, solemnly rested it before his rostrum. Chirped the Red Dean nervously, as applause filled the building: "May wars cease." After finishing his speech, he discovered that he should have hung onto his black Homburg. Some enterprising students had swiped it, later raffled it off in Durham through the sale of some 2,000 tickets at threepence apiece. Exulted one of the thieves: "For once, the Dean's name will be used to aid a worthy cause." The raffle proceeds were turned over to a fund for Hungarian relief.

First leaked last April, the news was made official last week by Iran's **Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlavi** that his only child, early-ripening Princess Shanaz, 16, daughter by the Shah's first wife (Egypt's Princess Fawzia, divorced by the Shah in 1948 for her failure to bear him a son), will soon be married. Her fiancé: U.S.-educated (University of Utah) Ardashir Zahedi, 28, son of Iran's ex-Premier **Fazlollah Zahedi** who, after helping to boot weepy old **Mohammed Mossadegh** from the premiership in 1953, was later himself edged out by the Shah amidst charges of corruption in Zahedi's regime. The Za-

hedis are not exactly paupers: young Ardashir, now serving as civil adjunct to the Shah, has already heaped some \$50,000 worth of baubles upon Princess Shanaz.

Looking far younger than her years, **Mamie Eisenhower**, surrounded by the Eisenhower clan, romped through her 60th birthday party at the White House. She happily browsed through a welter of gifts—cocktail napkins, stockings, a pair of earbobs from her namesake niece Mamie, a life-size, schoolgirlish portrait of herself from the National Citizens for Eisenhower-Nixon. As messages poured in, Mamie Eisenhower's personal secretary, Mary Jane McCaffree, bragged: "She's getting more mail than the President today!" Asked how she felt about spending another four years in the White House, Mamie, while posing for pictures in the library, said: "I'm feeling fine and very



Walter Bennett

**MAMIE EISENHOWER**  
A secret in the family.

grateful." What manner of present had Ike given his wife? "That," laughed the President, "is our secret!"

Before leaving Washington to convalesce at Key West from his operation for intestinal cancer, mending Secretary of State **John Foster Dulles** (Princeton, '08) paid off a \$1 bet to State Department Counselor **Douglas MacArthur II** (Yale, '32). The football score on which Dulles' crystal ball was cloudy: Yale, 42, Princeton, 20 (see SPORT).

Although he was one day short of being eight years old, Britain's heavily forelocked **Prince Charles** whooped it up with ten other kiddies and **Princess Anne** at a cake-and-cartoon celebration in Buckingham Palace. Reason for the premature festivities: Charles's engagement



International

**PRINCE CHARLES**  
A break in the schedule.

book was too full of gym workouts, dancing classes and tutoring sessions to permit him to have a birthday party on his birthday.

From Paris came word that self-exiled Comedian **Charlie Chaplin**, 67, and his wife Oona, 31, expect their sixth child come spring.

After his office friends in Albany showered him with two dozen roses, a transistor radio and a chorus of *Happy Birthday*, New York's well-preserved Democratic Governor **Averell Harriman**, turning 65, acted like anything but a man now officially classified as eligible for social security benefits. Quipped Honest Ave to his staff: "For the first two years of my administration I could always blame all the mistakes on [Thomas E.] Dewey. Now those two years are almost up, and anything that goes wrong is my fault. I want you to remember that!"

Britain's blonde Biologist **Helen Spurway Haldane**, 41, wife of brilliant Biologist **J.B.S. (for John Burdon Sanderson) Haldane**, 64, emerged from a London pub after downing 3½ pints of bitter, encountered a hobby and his police dog companion. She stamped on the dog's tail ("That's what dog's tails are for!") and clouted the cop. In court she chose a two-month stretch in Holloway Prison, rather than pay \$45 in fines and costs. "I hope to go to India," she explained, "and I will be much happier with many of my friends if I, too, have been in a British jail." Resigned to his wife's self-stiffling, Professor Haldane bravely stiffened his upper lip: "She would never forgive me if I paid her fine!"



Ali Khadem—Black Star

**PRINCESS SHANAZ**  
A purpose in the baubles.





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# Parker 61

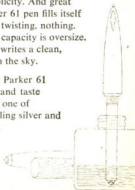
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The Parker 61, alone among fountain pens, fills itself by itself. It fills itself cleanly—through the end opposite the point. It's done by capillary action in just 10 seconds—the shining point need never be dipped in ink.





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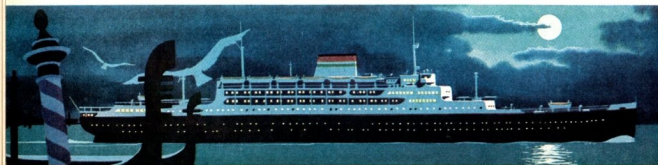
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# **Italian Line**

# EDUCATION

## Authors in the Nursery

The two young authors, aged 9 and 11, never got beyond Act I of their romantic comedy about Helena and Charles Arnold, the TV repair man. But their neighbor, Humorist H. Allen Smith, got an idea from their brief script:

*Charles:* I am here to repair the TV set.

*Helena:* It is badly broke and will be hard work so would you like to have a hi-ball.

*Charles:* No but I will take a cup of tea.

*Helena:* Humf.

Long a "pushover for the literary strivings of small children," Smith decided to collect other samples and put them into a



© John Hayward

T. S. ELIOT (1896)

A memorable beginning.

book. The result: *Write Me a Poem, Baby* (Little, Brown; \$2.95), which tells quite a bit about the forthright world of children.

To get his material, Smith culled magazines, wrote teachers, interviewed parents. His literature covers letters, short stories, poems, essays and notes passed in class. He even included the early efforts of some literary lions. At six, for instance, Novelist Jean Stafford wrote an ode to gravel:

*Gravel, gravel on the ground,  
Lying there so safe and sound,  
Why is it you look so dead?  
Is it because you have no head?*

At seven, T. S. Eliot produced a biography of George Washington which concluded with the memorable line: "And then he died, of course." James Thurber began his career with a poem of which only the title is still extant: "My Auntie Margery Albright's Garden, 185 South 5th Street, Columbus, Ohio."

**Dear Mom . . .** Unlike their elders, child writers waste few words. "Great stacks of books," says Smith, "have been written by people in an effort to explain why Rome fell . . . yet none of them ever really arrived at a more sensible answer than that contained in a penciled manuscript unearthed in Greenwich, Conn. one day in 1948. It was the work of a nine-year-old boy and follows:

### THE DOWNFALL OF ROME

The Downfall of Rome was caused by carelessness."

A letter from camp can be equally businesslike ("Dear Mom: If we do not have to write a letter home today we cannot have any lunch—Very Truly Yours Don"). Child authors like to get briskly to the point—whether they are writing a poem.

*The autumn days are here  
You always expect them this time of  
year,*

a literary opinion ("This book gives me more information about penguins than I care to have"), a thank-you note ("Thank you for your nice present. I always wanted a pin cushion, although not very much"), or a get-well verse to teacher

*Dear Miss Randall: Sorry you're sick  
and Lying in bed,  
Hope you come back  
Before you're dead.*

**Parents Are No Use.** National holidays and heroes are a constant source of inspiration—"Abraham Lincoln was born in a log cabin which he built with his own hands." But so is resentment of a sibling—

*I Hate Margaret  
She'd make a good target . . .*

and annoyance with parents. "My ma," wrote one youngster, "is quite fat, and she hates my bunny. She's always getting headaches and is quite a nuisance to have around. She always tells me to get out from under her feet when I'm not under her feet at all. My dad never laughs at a joke and is a nuisance to have around. So as I look at it there's no use for parents."

Of all literary forms, Smith's authors seem most at home with the short story. Examples:

¶ By the daughter of a Hollywood producer: "Once upon a time there was a poor family. The mother was poor. The daddy was poor. The children were poor. The butler was poor. The chauffeur was poor. The maid was poor. The gardener was poor. Everybody was poor."

¶ By a nine-year-old girl: "Once upon a time there was a little girl named Clarise Nancy Imogene Ingrid LaRose. She had no hair and rather large feet. But she was extremely rich and the rest was easy."

¶ By a small boy: "There was once a murderer with yellow eyes and his wife said to him, 'If you merder me you will be hung. And he was hung on Tuesday next. Finis.'"

## Nursery for Anarchy

Trying to justify his tortuous foreign policy to the rest of the world, India's Prime Minister Nehru was already suffering embarrassment. But last week he ran into embarrassment of a different kind. When he tried to deliver an address to 50,000 students in Calcutta, his audience began yelling, pushing and shoving until Nehru finally threatened to leave. Eventually, he managed to finish his speech. But he had lived through one more eruption of one of India's most perplexing problems. In recent years, India's students and young people have become the nation's most consistent troublemakers.

Before independence, student riots and demonstrations—as long as they were against the British—had the backing of a



Margaret Bourke-White—LIFE

M. K. GANDHI

An unforeseeable end.

powerful voice. "In a country groaning under foreign rule," said Mahatma Gandhi, "it is impossible to prevent students from taking part in movements for national freedom." Then the foreign rule ended; but the riots, strikes and demonstrations kept right on. Says one professor: "The university today has become a nursery for anarchistic values."

Almost anything can set the students off. In Aligarh five years ago, they killed a teacher who refused to promote those who had failed their exams. In 1953 Allahabad students raided the railway station, sabotaged trains, fired public buildings. Last year, when eight students were dismissed after another riot, the rest of the student body caused so much trouble that the university closed for a month. In the state of Bihar students launched a four-day reign of terror because the State Transport Authority refused to grant them special bus fares. They hurled



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bricks at police, raided a bank, burned the national flag. When the police finally opened fire, five people were killed. This fall more riots started at Aligarh, resulted in 24 deaths.

Why do India's youth carry on so? Some officials insist that they are victims of Communist agitation. Anthropologists at Calcutta University have pointed out that the real cause is poverty: one in three students in Bengal comes from a family with an income of only \$6 a month.

Of all the causes of the intransigence, the most telling is perhaps the persistent perversion of Gandhi's teaching. Says Vice Chancellor Rai Bahadur Syamnandan Sahaya at Bihar University: "Students did participate in our political agitations against Britain . . . This psychology which developed and grew for 25 years will take some time to eradicate."

### Universities Must be Beggars

When Harvard's President Nathan Marsh Pusey announced the launching of one of the most ambitious fund-raising campaigns (\$75 million to \$100 million for the undergraduate college alone) in educational history, he knew that he would have to answer one inevitable question: Why does Harvard, with the biggest university endowment in the U.S., need so much new money? Pusey's reply, which is now going out to alumni, is more than just a plea for Harvard. It is a dramatic description of the ever-expanding needs and challenges of U.S. higher education.

Like his colleagues everywhere, says Pusey, "the Harvard professor is a poorer man today than he has been for generations." The college must not only raise salaries and restore the professor's purchasing power; it has the duty to increase its scholarship programs and to build new houses for its growing student body. But a major reason for Harvard's need is the phenomenal growth of knowledge itself. Both the chemistry and astronomy departments, for instance, have outgrown their facilities. The young department of social relations never had proper accommodations in the first place. There must also be funds for the continual "creation of new professorships to keep pace with the advance of knowledge."

"In our generation," says Pusey, "the difficulties of financing higher education have increased substantially. Twenty-five years ago income from that part of Harvard's endowment fund which belongs to the college met 47% of the cost of operating the college. Last year this income met less than 27% . . . Though the amount of endowment has considerably increased, and the income from it has doubled in 25 years, the significant fact is that during this period the costs of operating the college have quadrupled . . . President Lowell said in 1921, 'Universities, if successful, must be beggars, and the better work they do the more they must beg.' The plea I now make for Harvard College becomes by extension a plea for all higher education. All colleges and universities that are alive are in need."



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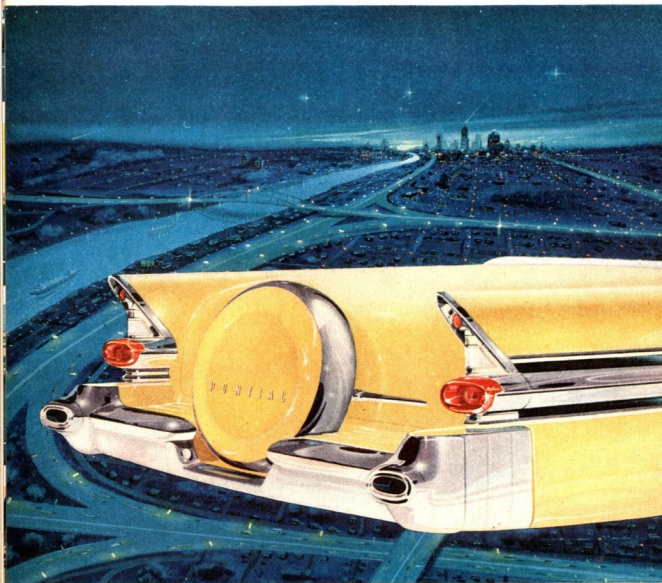
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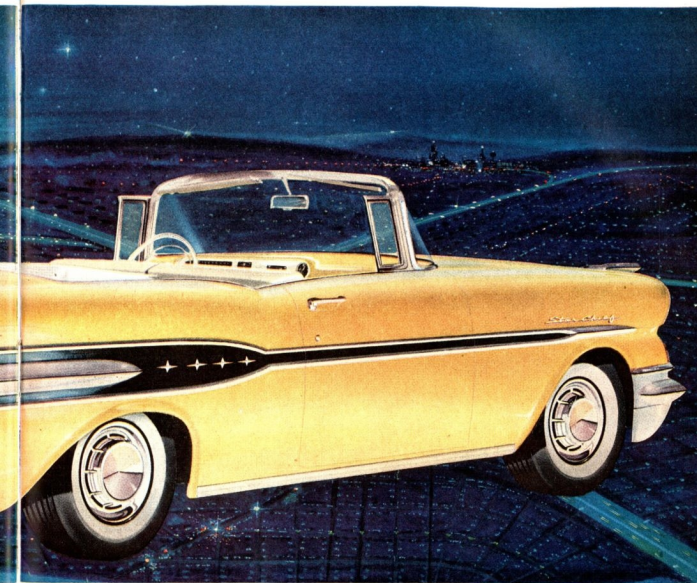
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## MEDICINE

### Coronary Cleaning

If a victim of arteriosclerosis has a shutdown in an easily accessible artery (e.g., thigh or arm), surgeons can cut out the diseased section and splice in a graft, or split the artery lengthwise and scrape out the bottleneck deposit. At a Chicago medical meeting last week, specialists were speculating on what seemed only a possibility—that a similar technique could be used to scrape out the coronary arteries in case of shutdowns in the heart (coronary thrombosis or occlusion). Whereupon Philadelphia's famed Heart Surgeon Charles P. Bailey rose to report, in effect: "I have just done it."

This bold pioneering was based on years of study by San Francisco's Dr.



SURGEON BAILEY

Jules Schick

Snip the ribs and ream the artery.

Angelo May, using human cadavers to see whether the bottleneck material could be removed by a simple instrument, and then testing the method on live dogs to see how well they stood the operation. With encouraging answers to both questions, Dr. Bailey got a supply of May cures: metal tubes, only one-sixteenth of an inch in diameter, nine inches long, with a nick filed halfway through at one end. On Oct. 29 he was ready for his first patient, a man of 51 who had had a severe heart attack in 1953, and now faced lasting invalidism because insufficient blood was reaching his heart muscle.

After elaborate tests had shown that the blood-starved muscle was dependent on flow from a branch of the patient's left circumflex artery, Dr. Bailey opened the man's chest, snipped some ribs and put them aside, then slit open the heart sac. He was fortunate in being able to see the site of the 1953 shutdown where the left circumflex was embedded in the heart

wall. Near the end of the artery he made a slit: instead of a spurt of blood, as there would have been in a healthy subject, he got a mere trickle. Through this slit Dr. Bailey inserted the smooth end of the curette and gradually worked it up the artery against the direction of the blood flow until its tip was past the point of the old occlusion. Then he drew it back so that the sharp nicked edge served as a reamer. Out came the diseased material that had clogged the artery. The operation had done its job. The trickle of blood suddenly changed to a spurt.

Dr. Bailey performed the operation again, two days later, on a man of 52 in similar plight. Both patients were expected to leave the hospital this week. After studying them (and others to be operated on soon) for a few months, Dr. Bailey will know whether he has found an effective treatment for some, at least, of the hundreds of thousands who are disabled every year by heart attacks of this type.

### Case of the Parboiled Diver

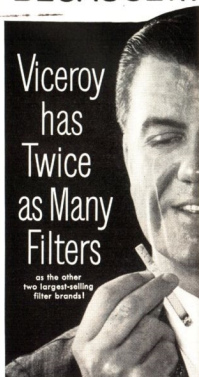
At 37, Yoshio Oyama was a skilled veteran in deep-sea diving. For 20 years he had flirted, unscathed, with underwater hazards, of which the deadliest is the invisible "bends"—nitrogen coming out of solution in the blood and forming bubbles that cause excruciating pain or paralysis. A fortnight ago, Veteran Diver Oyama met the bends.

From the dinky little salvage vessel *Daiei Maru* (a misnomer, for it means Great Prosperity), Oyama plunged into Nagasaki Bay in hopes of salvaging enough scrap iron to make it worth the effort and risk. Four times he went down 192 ft. with nothing untoward. Raised to the *Daiei Maru's* deck after his fifth, hour-long descent, he collapsed in pain. His shipmates, unversed in medicine but with a well-grounded fear of the bends, slapped Oyama's helmet back on him, stuffed his diving suit with lead weights, and dumped him back over the side—down to 150 ft.—planning a slow decompression.

In three hours they raised him only 60 ft. Then the wind changed and freshened: the *Daiei Maru* had to seek more sheltered waters. And so began one of the most amazing treatments in the history of medicine. Oyama was hoisted up, the ship moved to calmer waters, and he was promptly dunked again in 72 ft. After twelve hours of sitting there on an iron bar, Oyama signaled frantically to be raised: he was chilled to the marrow and had lost the use of his legs. His shipmates took him ashore, put him in a trough used for boiling seaweed, and lit a fire under him. But the air in his suit inflated with the boiling and he bobbed out. So they took him out of the suit, wrapped him in straw, and poured boiling water over him.

Taken back aboard ship, Oyama was dunked again, but an accident made him shoot to the surface like a balloon. A diver on a passing boat recommended taking Oyama ashore and stretching him out,

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head down, on a steep slope. This too was done. In the next 60 hours Oyama was alternately parboiled and marinated in the brine of Nagasaki Bay.

By good luck, U.S. Navy radiomen had picked up a message about Oyama's plight. The Navy's headquarters at Yokosuka ordered the nearest submarine rescue ship, the *Coucal*, to Oyama's aid. The *Coucal* clipped four hours off her estimated time on a flank-speed, 500-mile run to Nagasaki. It took the sorely tried Oyama aboard, and doctors went with him into the sub's decompression chamber. He spent 38 hours there and breathed



Mainichi Shinbun  
**DIVER OYAMA UNDER TREATMENT**  
Also basted and marinated.

a mixture of helium and oxygen to help flush out the nitrogen. At the end, Oyama could stand shakily on one leg, though the other was still paralyzed. Said Oyama: "If I get well I shall go back to diving because it is the only thing I know. But I will only go into shallow water—no more deep diving for me."

**New Tranquilizer**

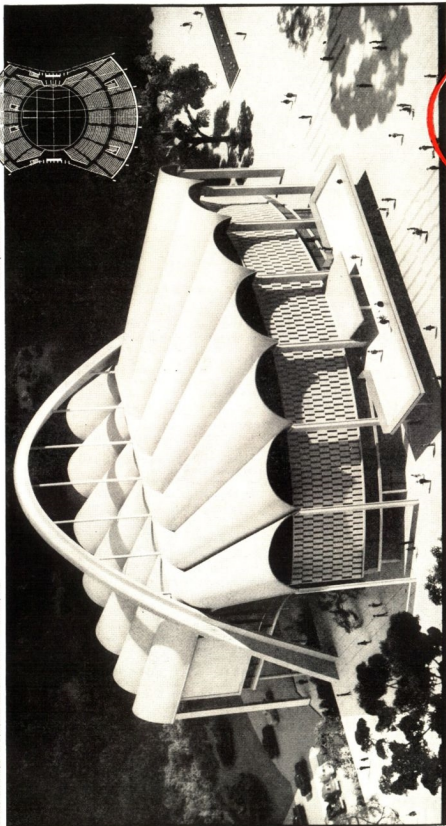
To the fast-swelling ranks of ataraxic (tranquilizing) drugs, another was added last week for patients with relatively mild emotional disorders. Offered hopefully to compete with meprobamate (Miltown or Equanil), runaway bestseller among tranquilizers (TIME, Feb. 27), proclorperazine will be sold on prescription by Philadelphia's Smith, Kline & French Laboratories under the brand name Compazine.

Used in low doses and for no more than about two weeks, proclorperazine is reported to give prompt tranquility to 86% of patients suffering from anxiety, agitation, agitated depression, tension, confusion, restlessness, senile agitation and alcoholic delirium. It lets patients sleep well at night and (unlike chlorpromazine) does not make them drowsy during the day.

One reason for S.K.F.'s emphasis on

This Auditorium is part of a proposed new Civic Center in Tallahassee, Fla.

Plan shows how auditor areas can be divided into two separate audiences



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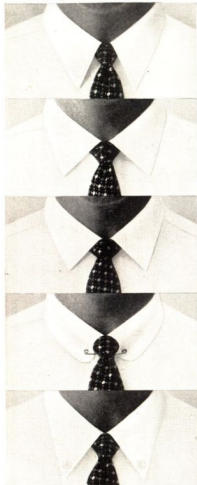
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small doses was that many patients on high dosage develop symptoms like those of Parkinson's disease—paralysis agitans. To psychiatrists reporting in Philadelphia last week on their trials of proclorperazine in the back wards of state hospitals, it seemed that the Parkinson signs might be more boon than bane. Using the drug in five to ten times the doses that S.K.F. recommends for office patients, Cincinnati's Dr. Douglas Goldman saw plenty of Parkinson's but decided it was a sign that the drug was reaching the nervous system in useful amounts. At New York's Manhattan State Hospital, Dr. Herman Denber had the same experience, concluded that the supposedly undesirable side effects actually are to be sought for in some types of serious mental illness.

### Teen-Age VD

Venereal disease, although readily controllable with today's wonder drugs, is increasing at an alarming rate among U.S. teen-agers in some areas. Latest figures: 200,000 persons between 11 and 19 now have VD (more than half the number of total cases), and by current estimates, 200,000 more will be infected next year. To find out why, the American Social Hygiene Association announced that it will spend \$92,000 on a wide-ranging study. Items to be investigated: teen-age sex behavior, relationships between VD and juvenile delinquency, social and economic background of VD victims.

### Public-Health Statesman

In the 40 years since he left Harvard Medical School, Colorado-born Alan Gregg has practiced medicine for only one year (as a member of the Harvard Medical Unit attached to the British Army in World War I), and he has never taught medicine. Yet no man alive has had a wider or deeper influence on both the practice and teaching of medicine than Dr. Gregg, who spent 37 years with the Rockefeller Foundation, 20 of them as head of its division of medical sciences.

On his recommendations, the foundation pushed projects that raised the standards of medical education (and hence, indirectly, of medical practice and public health) in dozens of foreign countries. On his advice, the foundation backed studies that proved the value of sulfanilamide, first of the modern wonder drugs. Thanks to Dr. Gregg's daring, it financed studies on sex, including the late Alfred C. Kinsey's work. It brought to the fore the long-neglected element of human satisfactions in modern, assembly-line industry. Finally, and perhaps most important, Gregg and the foundation crusaded to have mental illness treated as a medical problem—a revolutionary idea only a quarter-century ago.

In his years with the foundation, Dr. Gregg refused all honorary degrees and awards lest acceptance embarrass him in dealing with donors. Last week Medical Statesman Gregg, 66 and now retired, accepted his first, well-earned award. In Atlantic City he received a special Albert Lasker Award of the American Public



ALAN GREGG, M.D.  
 A specialist in well-being.

Health Association—its value just upped from \$2,500 to \$5,000—as an "exemplar par excellence of the 'well-being of mankind throughout the world,' public-health statesman, influential medical educator, wise counselor and friend."

Other Lasker awards (\$2,000) went to: Pittsburgh's Dr. Jonas E. Salk for developing the poliomyelitis vaccine.

Manhattan's Dr. William P. Shepard of Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. as a "pioneering industrial-health physician."

Detroit's Dr. V. Everett Kinsey and Baltimore's Dr. Arnall Patz for finding that excess oxygen given to premature infants causes retrolental fibroplasia and blindness.

Columbia University's Dr. Karl Meyer and M.I.T.'s Dr. Francis O. Schmitt for studies of connective tissues, important in rheumatism (TIME, Nov. 5).

### Air Pollution & Cancer

Researchers who contend that heavy cigarette smoking is the major cause of lung cancer tend to minimize the possible importance of air pollution as another cause. On the other hand, the air-pollution enthusiasts minimize the importance of smoking. Last week Dr. Wilhelm C. Hueper of the National Cancer Institute told public-health engineers meeting in Atlantic City that the pattern of the increase in lung cancer coincides not with the pattern of increased smoking, but more closely with the use of cancer-causing substances in industry and their appearance in engine-exhaust fumes. Conceding that much of his evidence was circumstantial, Dr. Hueper concluded that "the great majority of lung cancer" is not caused by excessive cigarette smoking. He attributed to cigarette smoking (an "unhealthy habit") "a definite, while lesser, direct or indirect role in the production and rise in frequency of cancers of the lung."



Photograph by Dempewolf

## DIESEL POWER IN THE SOUTH POLAR ICE



*A D8 Tractor is unloaded from the ship at an Antarctic base*

It's summer now in the Antarctic. The long night and the terrible winter storms have ended. At Little America V and other snow-buried bases, the men of Operation Deepfreeze have tunneled their way out to daylight. And the big Caterpillar Diesel Tractors and their sled-trains are rumbling into action once more.

It was those tractors that trans-

ported the thousands of tons of materials and supplies across hundreds of miles of ice. And it was their sister diesels—Caterpillar Engines and Electric Sets—that throbbed steadily all winter, keeping men alive and comfortable under the vast snows.

When Operation Deepfreeze was planned, every item of equipment was carefully checked. Tractors and engines would have a vital part in the undertaking, and they must, above all, be dependable. The Navy's Seabees had the answer to that. They had used Caterpillar machines in war and peace—seen them start in 60-below cold and work for rugged months without faltering. So again Caterpillar was the choice.

Giant D8s were built with "snow-

shoe" tracks to hold up their 35-ton weight. And along with smaller D4s they did the job. As the new bases were built, Caterpillar Engines and generators were installed. In the powerhouse at Little America V they produce enough electricity to serve a fair-sized town and power a huge array of electronic gear besides.

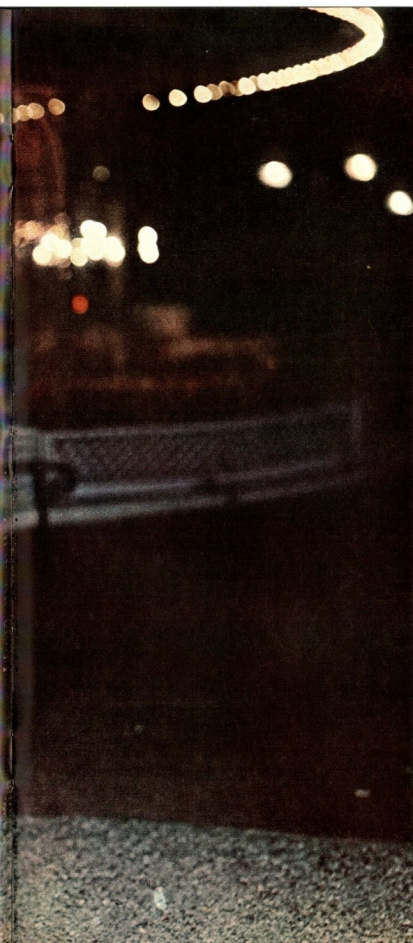
Now, as a climax, one of the sturdy diesel electric sets is being flown by Globemaster to supply power at the South Pole itself! When the results of Operation Deepfreeze are finally tabulated, Caterpillar equipment will have contributed its share.

Caterpillar Tractor Co., Peoria, Illinois, U.S.A.

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# RELIGION

## The Bishops on the Crisis

The bishops of both the Roman Catholic and the Episcopal Churches in the U.S. spoke out solemnly last week on the world crisis—responding to the fact that, as the Catholic statement put it, "Once again in our time the alarm bell is ringing in the night." Both statements were remarkably similar in content. Both offered a powerful endorsement of the United Nations—certainly the strongest yet given by the Catholic Church in the U.S.—and in consequence they also provided a powerful moral boost to the crucial work of U.N. Secretary General Dag Hammarskjöld (see FOREIGN NEWS). Both statements also contained support for President Eisenhower's handling of the crisis.

**Peace With Justice.** Said the Roman Catholic bishops: "Every possible means consistent with Divine law and human dignity must be employed . . . to avoid the final arbitrament of nuclear warfare. It has been the hope of mankind that a means adequate to the necessity might be found in the concert of the United Nations. This is neither the time nor the place to . . . pass judgment on its achievements. . . . The fact remains that it offers the only present promise we have for sustained peace in our time: peace with any approximation of justice. . . . Worthy of highest praise are [the U.S. Government's] efforts, rising above considerations of party and politics, to bring the problems before the tribunal of the nations. . . . Our President, indeed, has set a pattern of vigorous leadership, and has emphasized many of the points which have been dwelt upon by Pope Pius XII."

Said the Episcopal bishops: "Remember that in the Christian tradition, government, while it can be abused, is a divine ordinance. . . . With all its inadequacies and imperfections, we believe that Christians are called to give their fullest support to the United Nations, the only semblance of world government we possess. . . . We can support President Eisenhower and the decision of our Church taken in convention after convention pledging full support to the United Nations."

**Peace Without Despair.** Other points made by the Episcopal bishops: Christians must keep the present "precarious alliance" of the free world together with "the deepest understanding and sympathy. . . . We believe that unilateral action is dangerous and to be avoided, but let us face honestly, for example, what the United States would be tempted to do if our interest in the Panama Canal Zone were threatened." Christians must pray "for the men who have the decisions to make, for the people who will pay for these decisions with their lives. . . . Pray regularly; pray with all your heart."

Other points made by the Catholic bishops: "We echo [Pope Pius'] burning reproof of those who have dared to unleash the hounds of war. . . . With him we plead for a renewal of that basic sanity among

men and nations which will establish peace upon its only enduring foundations of justice and charity. With him we urge upon the world not the counsels of despair which would describe the situation as beyond salvation. . . . Foremost, inevitably, in our thinking are the heroic people of Hungary. For centuries they have been a bastion of Christendom against the outer perils. . . . Now again they have received the full brunt of a calculated fury and have written a matchless chapter in the annals of freedom."

## The Prisoner

To President Dwight D. Eisenhower, The White House, Washington:

*As a shipwreck of Hungarian liberty I have been taken aboard by your generosity in a refuge of my own country and as a guest of your Legation, Your hospitality surely saved me from immediate death.*

*With deep gratitude I am sending my heartfelt congratulations to Your Excellency on the occasion of your re-election to the Presidency of the United States, an exalted office whose glory is that it serves the highest ambitions of mankind: God, charity, wisdom and human happiness. . . . May the Lord grant you and your nation greater strength and richer life. . . . I beg of you, do not forget this small honest nation who is enduring torture and death in the service of humanity.*

This letter, from Josef Cardinal Mindszenty, made public by the White House last week, was smuggled out of Hungary by a U.S. newsman. With it came some details of the cardinal's refuge in Budapest's U.S. legation. "I have suffered tortures in body and soul. It is God's miracle that I am here and that I am I am," he had said as he presented himself

at the legation and asked for asylum. (According to one new report, Red secret police had made three attempts on Mindszenty's life in the years before his 1949 trial). The day after his arrival at the legation, on the cloth-draped desk of new Minister Edward Wailes, with an American flag standing near by, the cardinal celebrated Mass for members of the staff and correspondents.

In the big, five-story building, the cardinal uses Minister Wailes's large office as his sitting room and sleeps in a smaller adjoining office. He spends all his time behind closed doors, working on the story of his trial and imprisonment. Meals—the catch-as-catch-can collations put together from the legation's stores, and supplemented by station-wagon "convoys" from Austria—are served to him alone. Suffering and fatigue show in his brown eyes. He is deeply unhappy; he has said that he is shut off once again from his people—in the hour of their greatest need.

## The Unreal Revival

Is the U.S. religious revival "real"? What caused it? Is it "leading to the betterment of individual lives"? When the National Council of Churches' monthly *Outlook* put these questions to 34 top religious leaders and laymen, they found the laymen generally optimistic and the professionals generally skeptical. Some of the more notable headshakings:

□ Dr. Eugene Carson Blake, Stated Clerk of the Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A. and president of the National Council of Churches: "The old question 'Can I believe?' has given way to the new, 'What shall I believe in?' . . . There is a danger, however, that many may be coming into the church in search of security, survival and peace. Good as these values are, they become evil when they are. . . . made into objects of man's ultimate concern."

□ Dr. J. W. Behnken, president of the



CARDINAL MINDSZENTY SAYING MASS IN U.S. LEGATION  
"Do not forget this small honest nation."

NBC News

PRECISE AT THE OLYMPICS...PRECISE ON YOUR WRIST



**This Week...  
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Sports history is being made this week at Melbourne, Australia. As each Olympic athlete flashes across a finish line to victory or to a new world record, Omega...and Omega alone...times his performance.

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**OMEGA**

OFFICIAL WATCH OF THE OLYMPIC GAMES

Lutheran Church—Missouri Synod: "I do not believe that there are at the moment many deep religious convictions among these seekers."

¶ Dr. Billy Graham, evangelist: "There is no doubt that we are experiencing the great religious renaissance in American history. However, there seems to be little evidence of increased personal morality... To become a church member in America is easy, too easy!... It must be remembered, though, that in the Wesleyan Revival of the 18th century there was a time lag of nearly a quarter of a century between the preaching... and the impact on the social life of Britain."

¶ Dr. Liston Pope, dean of Yale Divinity School: "There is no great religious revival in America, and probably will not be in the accepted sense... But there is a great revival of interest... Religion has a better hearing, and less open opposition... [But] the extension of church membership... should not be allowed to obscure the present state of the world... At this time of the greatest need, the influence of religion on human affairs appears to be indirect, and, all told, rather minimal."

### For Seminary Bulletin Boards

Hollywood's big Biblical bonanza has a new claimant: 20th Century-Fox will epicize the New Testament into *The Greatest Story Ever Told*. To supervise this adaptation of the late Fulton Oursler's adaptation of the Gospels, no fewer than twelve religious advisers will be hired, including a Greek Orthodox, announced 20th Century's president, Greek Orthodox Spyros P. Skouras. And to fill the part of Jesus, a search is on for a handsome theological student who will promise to return to his studies after completing the movie assignment. Reported *Variety*: "Top thespians will be engaged to play the apostles."

### Panhandlers & the Church

Should a man of God ever give the brashoff to a bum?

Of course he should, and often, wrote the Rev. David Churchman Trimble, of St. Luke's Church in Prescott, Ariz., in the Episcopal weekly *The Living Church*. "Call them 'psychos,' tramps, panhandlers, floaters or whatever you will," he wrote. "They are the perennial problem-children of the clergy..." Rector Trimble warned his fellow clergymen: "Never give a stranger money or gasoline. Never endorse his check or give him yours. Never give him your personal card or reference... No matter how tough we are... the expert panhandler will probably outsmart us."

The panhandlers found their defenders. The Rev. John Franklin Machen, vicar of Grace Church in Charles City, Iowa, denounced Trimble's "suave, clever, cold-as-ice efficiency," pleaded "the cause of the transients who come to the clergy's door—the poor, the dishonest, the beaten..." Unworthy people will deceive the clergy, admits Vicar Machen, but "unworthy people" must be sought by the Church... precisely because they are lost."

PEOPLE OF SOUND JUDGMENT

*Dr. Henri Cappuyns,  
General Manager of the  
Gevaert Photo Producten N.V.,  
Mortsel-Antwerp, Belgium.*

## He Adds Color to Every Scene...

An excellent mind", said his teachers at the Latin School. "A fine lawyer", agreed his professors when he was awarded his doctorate's degree. In Belgium's legal arena, he was more than a brilliant young lawyer with a cool, analytical mind. He was also constructive, with a gift for the suave phrase, the amiable settlement without a sacrifice of principles. At 25, he became the boy wonder of the Belgian Railways, with the title of Secretary-general. In the postwar battle for executive talent, the Gevaert Works scored a major victory in securing Dr. Cappuyns. From then on, his career was picturesque in a double sense. It took him the proverbial seven years to reach the peak of his abilities

and the top of a world-wide concern. Dr. Cappuyns, at 43, has a mind as receptive as a super-speed film. He possesses common sense, an ability to sift the facts, and a sure knowledge of the vast range between black and white. His desk is a model of quiet orderliness. He never commands, yet things are done his way. As the best philosopher among his business friends (and the best businessman among philosophers) he wisely exploits old Father Time. In his leisure hours, he prefers to be one of Belgium's herd of *Henris* - a husband and father who likes to play out in the open, to walk in the sun. He reads a great deal. He flies a lot. Yes, KLM. For KLM reflects his own standards of precision ... and perfection.



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## THE THEATER

### New Musical in Manhattan

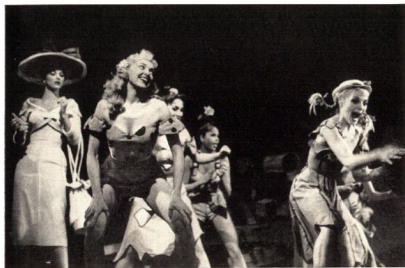
**Li'l Abner** (based on Al Capp's characters; book by Norman Panama and Melvin Frank; music by Gene de Paul; lyrics by Johnny Mercer) sometimes gloriously explodes, sometimes damply splutters, as a big Broadway show. Suddenly, with something fine and deafening from the orchestra, suddenly with something fine and floor-shaking from the chorus, Al Capp's comic-strip community bounces to life. At other times, behind musicomedy goggles, Capp's satiric eye notes and needles skulduggery, stupidity, conformity. But there are numerous occasions when

mal ball, Kidd has created one of the memorable shambles scenes in Broadway history. And for the show's rousing music, *Jubilation T. Cornpone*, Kidd has made a packed stageful of bodies rock with movement while their voices are raised in song.

There are also some lively satirical ditties, among them an ode to conformity looking forward to when

*Assembly-line women, conveyor-belt men  
Settle down in push-button homes.*

The show is nicely cast, with Peter Palmer and Edith Adams pleasant as Li'l Abner and Daisy Mae, and Stubby Kaye



DAISY MAE & DOGPATCH DANCERS  
Dull at a walk, dazzling on the run.

Roderick MacArthur

the Capp menagerie, let out of their neat newspaper cages, noisily lose their way stumbling in too many directions.

Whether characters who are full-fashioned in pen and ink can ever do as well in flesh and blood may well be doubted. But it is less the characters than the characteristics of comic-strip life that make for trouble on Broadway. Plainly the chopped-up repetitions, the churning status quo that go down fine a spoonful a day in a newspaper could sadly pall as an evening-long drink on the stage. On the stage, accordingly, *Li'l Abner* has been swamped with plot, which not only palls but plods. Also, by never letting anyone relax, the plot robs Dogpatch of its homey, day-to-day, ferocious charm. Something extra is frequently needed.

Happily, something extra—and even, in Michael Kidd's case, extra-special—is sometimes supplied. If the Dogpatchers can be dull when they walk, they are dazzling when they run. Choreographer Kidd's Sadie Hawkins Day ballet is a wonderful matrimonial chase in which Al Capp's womenfolk become amorous Keystone Cops. In the Visigothic descent of the Dogpatchers on General Bullmoose's for-

and Charlotte Rae more flavorsome as Marryin' Sam and Mammy Yokum. And its best production numbers are real high points. But the distance from one high point to another is sometimes noticeably long.

### New Plays in Manhattan

**Child of Fortune** (by Guy Bolton) derives from one of the most spacious and complex of all Henry James's novels, *The Wings of the Dove*. That alone may explain why the most recent of James's stage adaptations—which like the best of them might also have been called *The Heiress*—is among the most unsatisfactory. It is not so much that Adapter Bolton has violated James's novel (although he has made a host of small changes that reduce the book's great cumulative impact to emotional small change); it is much more that by diminishing James's story to a mere tampered-with story line, by restricting James's characters to the role of mere plot carriers, Bolton has burned away the gold of James's great moral drama to leave the period dross of his somewhat too-fictional tale.

The central situation—two worldly,

hard-up people in love and secretly engaged, a doomed young heiress who is a friend of the girl's and in love with the man, the girl's idea that the man make the heiress happy by marrying her and simultaneously ensure their own happiness by becoming her heir—clearly lends itself to simple stage drama. But such a central situation comes only in very small or very large sizes; it can only succeed as something trashy or something tremendous. To tell the story in the theater, on James's own terms, is to face technical dilemmas and risk artistic betrayals as great as the ethical dilemmas and moral betrayals involving the characters. James's canvas, his outward world of London and Venice, is large, populous, resplendent. James's characters, his inner world of sensibilities, perceptions, perturbations, are studied in depth and projected at full length. And James's method is—triumphantly if sometimes tediously—one of peculiar indirection.

*Child of Fortune*, played out almost symbolically on two extremely shallow sets, has an almost glaring smallness of orbit and thinness of texture. Playwright Bolton has clearly tried to suggest James's ironies, intensities and cultural decor. But, as they seem all too inadequate for James's story, they seem almost superfluous to Bolton's. Cut to the bone, *Child of Fortune* lacks nourishment as well as distinction. And Producer Jed Harris, by badly miscasting the two conspirators, lost his last chance to give the play any power.

**A Very Special Baby** (by Robert Alan Aurthur) refers to a 34-year-old man—the youngest child (whose mother died when he was born) in a large Italian-American family. At once babied and belittled by a rich, tyrannical, self-made father who resents him because of his mother's death, he has never found his feet. When at last there seems a chance he will, the father blocks the way, and there are agitated scenes before the son presumably escapes.

Strongly acted, the play—which closed at week's end—had honesty of purpose, some good scenes and dialogue and, in the title character—admirably played by Jack Warden—a still untarnished stage type. But the play failed of any real urgency, fell short of any real distinction. Though its contents were overstretched, the trouble in the end was less thinness of material than drabness of method. Every season brings forth a similar naturalistic play or two, a respectable one-set, one-situation drama of small people intently studied, with problems or frustrations resolutely stressed. What seems crucially amiss is all lack of a personal pigmentation or signature, of the playwright's own enlarging vision of life. Hence the plays seek to vitalize their material, now with photographic detail, now with punch theater. But in the one case there ensues no real reverberation—the loud pedal has been substituted for the resonant chord. And in the other case, there develops no real sense of dimension—a mere couple has been substituted for a view.



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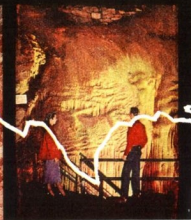
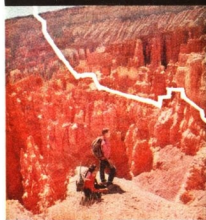
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## RADIO & TV

### Radio & Revolt

For more than six years, U.S.-supported (through Crusade for Freedom) Radio Free Europe has served the West as an effective clearinghouse of news flowing in and out of the Communist orbit. When the anti-Soviet revolutions struck in Poland and Hungary, RFE was operating 29 high-powered transmitters out of West Germany and Portugal on a 20-hour-a-day basis to furnish the enslaved peoples with news reports, which the Communists tried to suppress by jamming. Last week RFE was attacked by West German papers and Bonn politicians, and caused some worried U.S. citizens (including NBC commentator Chet Huntley) to ask a question. Had the RFE broadcasts actually helped spark Russia's reign of terror by giving the satellites false hope of aid from the West?

In West Germany, the Free Democratic Party denounced RFE's operations as "a crime against humanity." Embittered Hungarian refugees and Free Democratic Party papers took up the cry. Said Bonn's *Freies Wort*: "Irresponsible promises of help and aggressive propaganda of RFE carry a good part of the blame for the blood bath in Hungary." At RFE's Munich headquarters, European Director Richard Condon denied the charges: "In no broadcast did RFE incite to armed revolt or indulge in cheap, inflammatory propaganda. In no broadcast was the promise of active help by the West given."

RFE admitted it had broadcast three types of material that may have stirred up the insurgents, but only after actual fighting had begun: 1) full reporting of the violent attacks in the U.N. on the Soviets; 2) full coverage of protest action throughout the free world; and 3) news from isolated freedom stations. U.S. policy advisers were also hard put to keep angry Hungarians on RFE's staff in line. But the broadcasts were tame. Sample: "The fight has begun and it is going on—not only in the streets but also in the hearts and souls of the people. No matter what the outcome of armed conflict, the Hungarian people will win in the end."

As the flood tide of criticism began to subside, ex-Ambassador Joseph Grew, RFE's boss (as chairman of Free Europe Committee, Inc.), angrily fired off a statement charging: "It is an insult to the brave Hungarian people to suggest that they have responded to any other influence than their innate love of liberty."

### The Dean Cult

TV last week hysterically joined the weird posthumous cult of James Dean (*TIME*, Sept. 3), by featuring the late young actor in three shows and two networks. *Harvest*, starring Dorothy Gish and Ed Begley, reappeared on NBC's *Robert Montgomery Presents*; *I'm a Fool*, with Natalie Wood, on *General Electric Theater* (CBS); and *The Unlighted Road* was shown on CBS's *Schlitz Playhouse of*

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Argus Cameras, Inc., Ann Arbor, Michigan

Stars for the third time. All three shows exploited the Dean legend for frankly commercial purposes. "He's hotter than anybody alive," cried one NBC executive. The pulse-takers backed him up: *Harvest*, in which Dean was originally only a featured player, bludgeoned the opposition with a sizable 24.3 Trendex rating with Dean billed as star.

## Big Beanstalk

Jack scampered up a tottering prefabricated beanstalk on NBC's *Producer's Showcase* and came home with the highest audience rating of any 90-minute show in TV history. The musical spectacle of *Jack and the Beanstalk* topped the two-hour reissue of *Peter Pan* with a 33.9 rating, attracted an estimated 55 million viewers



Eliot Elisofon—Life

JOEL GREY & CELESTE HOLM  
More pull than charm.

—a 75% bigger audience than the average of all three competing CBS shows.

*Jack's* pull, however, was not always in proportion to its charm, which was sporadic. Top-heavy with talent (Celeste Holm, Cyril Ritchard, Dennis King, Leora Dana, Billy Gilbert) and electronic gimmickry, the big beanstalk was often heavy on its feet. Main trouble: for a 90-minute musical, the music just wasn't very good. Best scene: Choreographer Rod Alexander's *March of the Ill-Assorted Guards*, with Newcomer Joel Grey, 24, who as Jack showed real promise in the difficult triple chore of actor, singer and dancer.

## The Spirit of '97

In the heat of long Indian afternoons in 1897, between colonial adventures with the Queen's Own Hussars, protean Winston Spencer Churchill, then only 23, dallied with a romantic daydream about love and politics. The result: *Savrola*, a bumpy, 70,000-word Ruritanian novel (*TIME*, April 16) which "traced the fortunes of a liberal leader who overthrew an arbitrary government only to be swallowed up by a



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socialist revolution." Churchill submitted it, his first and only piece of fiction, "with considerable trepidation to the judgment or clemency of the public," years later confessed: "I have consistently urged my friends to abstain from reading it."

Last week *Savrola* came to TV. NBC spent money *freely* (but only a mere \$1,500 or so went to the author), cast Churchill's actress-daughter Sarah in the lead, flew a producer to Sir Winston's Riviera retreat for script conferences. Churchill disliked the script, complained: "Why don't you do my book as I wrote it? What's wrong with the spirit of '97? It was a pretty good world—the British Empire was at its height. The women were beautiful and the horses fast."

Churchill was right. On TV, his youthful work was a turgid, cliché-ridden mish-mash of ballot-stuffing, tears, blood-letting ("Beg for mercy before I blow your face in") and Graustarkian fluff (Lucile: "All's fair in love and war." Savrola: "And this?" Lucile: "This is both."). Throughout, as she flitted behind the lace curtains and potted palms, past powdered footmen and blackamoors, Actress Churchill looked pretty, proper and bored.

## Program Preview

For the week starting Thursday, Nov. 22. Times are E.S.T., subject to change.

### TELEVISION

**Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade** (Thurs. 11 a.m., NBC). Narrator: Ernie Kovacs.

**Football** (Thurs. 12 noon, CBS). Green Bay Packers v. Detroit Lions.

**Thanksgiving Festival** (Thurs. 5 p.m., CBS). With Duke Ellington, Joe E. Brown, Will Rogers Jr.

**Playhouse 90** (Thurs. 9:30 p.m., CBS). *Eloise*, with Kay Thompson, Ethel Barrymore, Louis Jourdan, Monty Woolley.

**Person to Person** (Fri. 10:30 p.m., CBS). Ed Murrow visits Violinist Nathan Milstein, Bandleader Lawrence Welk.

**Saturday Spectacular** (Sat. 9 p.m., NBC). *High Button Shoes*, with Nanette Fabray, Don Ameche, Hal March.

**Ed Sullivan Show** (Sun. 8 p.m., CBS). Scene from *Tosca*, with Callas, London, Conductor Dimitri Mitropoulos; Princeton Triangle Club; *Collier's* all-America football team; Clark Gable in his TV debut.

**Hallmark Hall of Fame** (Sun. 9 p.m., NBC). Shaw's *Man and Superman*, with Maurice Evans, Joan Greenwood.

**Omnibus** (Sun. 9 p.m., ABC). Stephen Crane's *Blue Hotel*.

**March of Medicine** (Tues. 9:30 p.m., NBC). "Medical Missionary," with Commentator John Gunther.

### RADIO

**Bob Hope Show** (Fri. 8 p.m., NBC). With Margaret Whiting, Jerry Colonna.

**Philadelphia Orchestra** (Sat. 9:05 p.m., CBS). Conductor: Eugene Ormandy.

**Olympic Roundup** (Sat. 9:45 p.m., CBS). Summary of Melbourne events.

**Boston Symphony** (Mon. 8:20 p.m., NBC). Conductor: Charles Munch.

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## MUSIC

### Reincarnation

During the 1930s, most of the long-earred musical world was playing a waiting game. Famed Austrian Pianist Artur Schnabel was slowly recording his way through the Beethoven sonatas—Schnabel would no more hurry a recording session than he would a Beethoven tempo—and each new disk was an event. The whole series ranked as a masterpiece. Schnabel died in 1951, and his old 78 r.p.m. records soon became obsolete in the LP age. Last week Victor brought him back in his finest reincarnation, a package containing all 32 sonatas on 13 LPs, plus Schnabel's



PIANIST SCHNABEL

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own meticulous edition of the piano scores. It is an extraordinary fusion of free-swinging artistry and absolute faithfulness to Beethoven's intentions, written or implied.

Beethoven was the first composer to make use of ugly sounds in abstract music, the first to make notes speak in everyday prose, to stamp and rave, and stand still to make philosophical statements, and Pianist Schnabel was temperamentally capable of bringing all of these qualities into line with Beethoven's more appealing side. Beethoven was also the first composer to become a bourgeois hero and one of the first upon whom the stupefying epithet "great" was popularly bestowed, an event that forecast the beginning of the present sorry condition of concert music—during the last hundred years, no concert has been really classy unless it had some Beethoven or another "great" on the program. Toward the end of his career, Schnabel himself rarely played anything but Beethoven, Mozart, Schubert and Brahms, but instead of calling them "great," he called them "still

problematic," and treated them as fresh challenges.

Schnabel's playing was never note-perfect, but his performances on these disks have something so compelling that mere perfection would seem paltry by comparison. The recorded sound transferred from the old disks varies from good to barely acceptable by modern standards, despite the labors of Victor engineers. The package sells for a luxurious \$80, a price that does not preclude some annoying corner-cutting: the sonatas are crammed together, one starting wherever the previous one leaves off, as if the listener were going to stack the entire 32 sonatas on his changer and run them through chronologically.

But the music is all there, and what really matters is Schnabel's playing. To hear him is suddenly to see light across the generations that separate the composer from today; to be delighted at Schnabel's surprising methods of treating Beethoven's surprising turns of phrase; to laugh or sigh, sometimes almost to cover in fright. This playing has the kind of sanity that is expressed in one of Schnabel's provocative remarks, "Back around the turn of the century," he once said, "it became the idea that Beethoven's opening theme in the *Fifth Symphony* was fate knocking at the door; after that, conductors played it more slowly. Why, then, should fate knock slowly?"

### Callas' Tosca

If any soprano is custom-built for the role of Floria Tosca, it is Maria Meneghini Callas. From her first entrance at Manhattan's Metropolitan Opera last week, she made the Puccini heroine a creature of fierce temperament; hers was a believable embodiment of a jealous beauty who was willing to make the supreme sacrifice for her lover, and who carves up a would-be seducer with a fruit knife. In addition to her flawless acting, Callas was in full command of her remarkable voice—never luscious, but potent as TNT. She might have been good under any circumstances, but playing opposite a tangibly evil George London as Scarpia and supported by an orchestra made almost superhuman by Conductor Dimitri Mitropoulos, she left the audience limp.

Act II was hair-raising. Callas entered Baron Scarpia's den looking like the Queen of the Night in her black velvet and ermine gown and glittering tiara. Her lip curled shrewishly at Scarpia's overtures, but she staggered when she heard her lover's tortured screams. She wound up her big show-stopping aria, *Vissi d'Arte*, on her knees just in time to receive the ovation that greeted it. Meanwhile, Mitropoulos, silhouetted against the stage lights, was kneading, soothing, irritating, rolling his orchestra, bouncing around in the climaxes like a marionette on a string. With a start, Callas took the knife from the table, furiously plunged it into Scarpia's chest, then, her head wagging insanely, unable to look directly at the

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corpse, she placed the candles at his shoulders and made her getaway.

When it was over, and everybody else was killed off too, the audience came back to reality and howled like the West Point cheering section while Maria Callas cursed, hugged herself and blew kisses through 14 long curtain calls. Tenor Giuseppe Campora, who had given a vocally beautiful performance, doggedly appeared with her every time, although toward the end he began to look rather tired of keeping up with Callas.

In a single performance of *Aida* last week, the Met introduced three young newcomers. In the singing department, there were La Scala's big-voiced Soprano Antoinetta Stella, 27, and lyrical Tenor



Frank Holder  
DANCER HOLDER IN "AIDA"  
More than a match for Verdi.

Carlo Bergonzi, 32. Both suffered from debilitis, but recovered, and will probably become Met regulars. Most spectacular newcomer was Trinidad's rangy (6 ft. 6 in.) Dancer Geoffrey Holder, who appeared in the big ballet that sprawls in the middle of the opera. Holder made a startling appearance, his long brown body bare except for a white bikini and a brilliant, feather-patterned headdress. In a primitive tribal dance that recalled his appearance last year in Broadway's *House of Flowers*, Holder leaped and writhed with a fierce, catlike virility that more than matched Verdi's triumphal music.

### Joey & His Pop

When Joey Alfdi was forbidden to play any more rock 'n' roll, the boy concentrated on Mozart, Haydn and Beethoven. The longhairs paid off. This week, at the age of seven, Joey took over Manhattan's Carnegie Hall, led the Symphony of the Air (formerly Toscanini's NBC Symphony) in a full-scale program including Mozart's *Figaro* overture, Beethoven's *Fifth* and Haydn's *Surprise* symphonies. I

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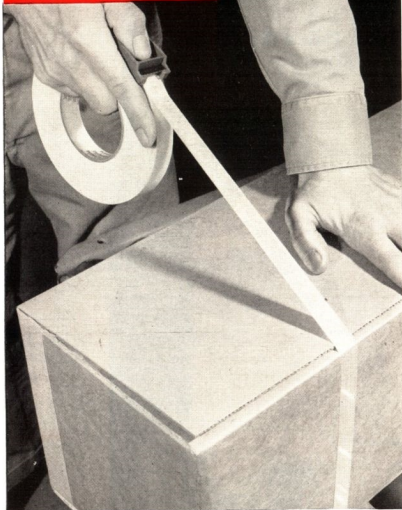
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gestures were incisive, particularly in the extreme loud and soft passages; obviously he had learned his scores by heart—no timpanist could miss his cannon-ball cues. But sometimes he was vague. Several times, the baton flew from his small, pudgy hand (he picked up fresh ones from a supply on his music stand). It was a gallant try, but when it was over, one question remained: Why subject Joey, the orchestra and the audience to an experience that was not inspiring to any of them?

The answer is the same for Joey as it has been for child prodigies from Mozart on: parental push. Joey's father, Frank Alfidi, a Yonkers, N.Y., accordion teacher,



CONDUCTOR ALFIDI  
Why?

Franz Kraus

gave his son a specially built accordion when he was eleven months old. Within a few years the boy was playing kettledrums, the vibraphone, piano and, by some tall stretching, string bass. He went on to play in his school orchestra, where the going was rough. "They're not good enough for him," said Papa. Joey complained that his friends are not interested in his conducting. "There's one boy named Tommy—he throws rocks at me."

Meanwhile Joey was getting ready for the big time. An Italian conductor named Gino Lombardi discovered his conducting talent, started training him, e.g., records and scores every day before breakfast. After Joey shared programs in Miami and Long Beach, N.Y., father Alfidi hired the Symphony of the Air and Carnegie Hall at a total cost of \$10,000. Papa is sure Joey will become a great conductor. But if not, there is his baby brother, who, says Papa, already hums the first bars of Beethoven's *Fifth* at the age of two years.



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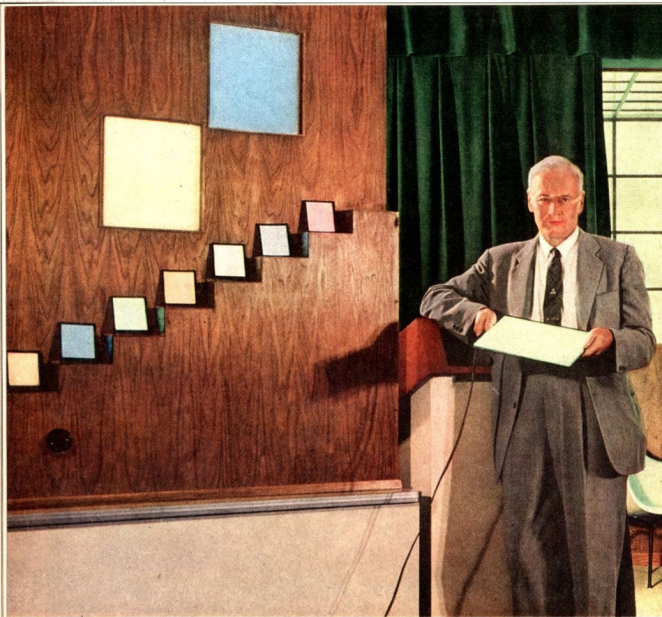
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## Headline of the Week

In London's weekly *Observer*, over an article on current British policy in the Middle East and the efforts of Canadian Major General E. L. M. Burns to form a U.N. police force:

LONDON FIDDLES WHILE BURNS ROAMS

## "Shocking Proposal"

Long under fire by editors for stifling news on the pretext of "security," the Defense Department last week issued a report by its own special committee on the problem. The most explosive recommendation: reporters should be summoned to "a grand jury investigation" to divulge their source in the case of any serious "leak" of information. This was so certain to infuriate the press that Secretary of Defense Charles E. Wilson pointedly tagged it with "serious reservations" as he released the report.

Wilson also felt serious reservations about a suggestion that the Government put out "a forceful statement to the press outlining the differences between ordinary peace and the present situation from the point of view of information security." But on the whole, he complimented the committee, headed by Boston Lawyer Charles A. Coolidge, and gave orders for putting "the great majority" of its 28 recommendations into effect. Among the recommendations that the press can cheer: make clear that the classification system is not to be used to suppress information not affecting national security.

As the report was released, the House subcommittee on Government Operations, headed by California's Democratic Representative John E. Moss, opened new hearings in its investigation of Government

information policies. Moss denounced the grand jury proposal as "shocking." Then his committee disclosed one reason why the Pentagon and reporters wrangled so much; none of the topmost information officers in the Army, Navy or Air Force had any previous experience in public-information jobs outside the Pentagon.

## Rebellion at the Worker

For trying to serve Moscow in its coverage of the Hungarian rebellion, London's Communist *Daily Worker* had a rebellion on its own hands last week. Of its 30 staffers, four quit and 19 signed a petition protesting the paper's whitewash of Soviet brutality. Angry of those who quit was its star correspondent, Peter Fryer, fresh from his assignment in Budapest itself. The others: Political Cartoonist "Gabriel" (real name: James Friell), Features Editor Malcolm MacEwan and Film Critic Patrick Goldring.

During Fryer's fortnight in Budapest, *Worker* readers saw only one of his dispatches, a wishy-washy interview with a British Communist living in Hungary. In his letter of resignation, published by the *Worker* when he threatened to "seek other means" of getting out the truth, Fryer disclosed that the dispatch had been heavily cut and two others had been killed altogether. Reason: they showed that Soviet intervention was "both criminal and unnecessary."

In an interview that the *Daily Express* spread over six columns, Fryer charged that his editors had withheld one of his dispatches even from *Worker* staffers. He added: "It described certain excesses committed by Soviet troops. I saw the result of one of them. I saw an old man of 70 lying on the pavement dead, with a loaf of bread in his hand. He had been shot by a Soviet tank as he was coming away from a bread shop. I argued that there was no 'White terror' in Hungary. The rising against the Communist government of Hungary was supported by 99% of the people, including a great number of ordinary honest rank-and-file members of the Communist Party."

## End of the Road

By the time most correspondents got to Port Said last fortnight, the fighting was virtually over—and *Paris-Match* Photographer Jean Roy, 34, had the situation well in hand. The big (6 ft., 190 lbs.), handsome Frenchman (real name: Yves Leleu) was living up to his legend as the fire-eating knight-errant of war journalism. In the 24 hours since he had landed with the first French ground troops, Roy had taken over two jeeps and a Chevrolet truck, daubed each with a new license plate, "Balzac 00-24" (the phone number of *Paris-Match*), and whirled through a typical swashbuckling round of good deeds and derring-do.

When Roy heard that hundreds of wounded Egyptians were suffering for lack of water and medical facilities in a hospi-



*Paris-Match*  
"PARIS-MATCH'S" JEAN ROY  
Daring led to danger.

tal, he browbeat the French command into sending a water truck. When a French-speaking Egyptian woman pleaded for milk for her five small children, Roy rammed his jeep through the iron blind of a locked milk store. British MPs warned him that pillaging was a crime for which he could be shot. "O.K., go ahead and shoot," said Roy. He gave one case of powdered milk to the woman, delivered a jeep load to a hospital.

For his fellow correspondents, Roy commandeered Port Said's second biggest hotel, the Eastern Exchange. They found nothing to eat, so he drove to French headquarters and traded his Chevrolet truck for three cases of French rations and three bottles of Chianti.

**Lust for Trouble.** When Roy joined *Paris-Match* in 1949, his nose for news was indistinguishable from his lust for danger. As a World War II soldier, he parachuted into occupied France, landed in the Normandy invasion, was badly wounded at Bastogne (for which he won the Silver Star). As a civilian, he kept going to war. In Guatemala during the anti-Communist revolution, he climbed over street barricades carrying not only a camera but a .45 Colt. During Tunisian riots, he calmly snapped pictures in the middle of a pillaging mob looking for Frenchmen to kill. In Indo-China, snipers' bullets ripped his uniform without touching him. In Algeria, he was often as much as five hours ahead of advancing French troops. In Moscow, he stepped up to a high-ranking Soviet officer in the street, plucked off his shoulder-boards and said "Thanks, I'll keep these as souvenirs."

In his latest hunt for trouble in Egypt, Roy teamed up with an oddly contrasting companion: short, owlish Photographer David Seymour, 45, a grey-haired, Polish-born, Sorbonne-educated American known affectionately almost everywhere as "Shim" (after his real name, Chimin).



*London Daily Express*  
LONDON "WORKER'S" PETER FRYER  
Seeing led to doubt.



## IN HONG KONG THIS WEEK

Here is the *S. S. President Cleveland*, all-fast at Kowloon Wharf, Hong Kong. For the moment her gay cruise crowd has vanished, immersed in exploration of the fabulous city... Activity has shifted from luxurious country club lounges and sunny decks to clamoring cargo holds—teeming with men as the world's goods move one giant step closer to market... We stage this drama, with interesting variations, every day in one or more major world ports... If you're a dollar-wise traffic man or a fancy-free adventurer, better ask your Forwarder or Travel Agent about

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and as celebrated for his gentleness and sensibility as Roy for his daring. Violence had shadowed Shim's life: the Nazis destroyed his family in Poland, and a Communist land mine in Indo-China killed his best friend, famed War Photographer Robert Capa, with whom Shim and France's Henri Cartier-Bresson founded the picture agency Magnum Photos Inc. Yet Shim, who replaced Capa as president of Magnum, was no combat specialist: his most memorable pictures, collected in the UNESCO book *Europe's Children*, were compassionate shots of orphans in the rubble of post-World War II.

**Race to the Front.** When a report reached Port Said that the Egyptians were sending a hospital train to the front to evacuate wounded, Shim and Roy hustled to shoot the scene. With Roy at the wheel, they raced south toward the front line along a road flanked on one side by the Suez Canal, on the other by a fresh-water canal. The front was unmarked. British paratroopers, dug in along the side of the road, saw the jeep coming and tried to wave it down. It roared by. Some 1,000 yards down the road, it shot past an Egyptian outpost. Then the luck that had held so miraculously through wars, riots and revolutions was suddenly shattered in a burst of Egyptian machine-gun fire. The jeep swung crazily off the road with the riddled bodies of the two photographers, the first press casualties of the war that had halted with a cease-fire even before they were hit.

In Cyprus, where he had gone to cover the Egyptian fighting, 27-year-old Angus Macdonald of London's weekly *Spectator* fell last week under a Cypriot assassin's bullet, shot in the back on a Nicosia street. He was the third newsman to die in the Middle Eastern crisis. Ironically, his last dispatch argued "the bankruptcy of [Britain's Cyprus] policy of shoot first, negotiate afterwards."

## Here Is My Prediction

The *Washington Post and Times Herald*, which runs Columnist Drew Pearson on its comic page, let him get on the editorial page last week—as the target of a devastating letter. Signed "Nostradamus" (but known to the *Post*, which would identify him only as "a Washington magazine editor"), the letter writer noted that Pearson was reputed to score 85% in his "predictions of things to come." By recalling the columnist's Jan. 1 predictions for 1956, Nostradamus showed that Pearson had indeed approached 85%—but wrong. Among the predictions:

"Adenauer will step down during the year. Sir Anthony Eden, whose health is worse than the public realizes, will take a much less part in the British government. Next spring or summer, Red China will begin its long-awaited attack on Quemoy and Matsu. The Matsus will be captured by the Chinese. A slump is due for mid-year. However, I predict the Eisenhower Administration will dust off various public works plans reminiscent of Harold Ickes' PWA days. Congress will vote a



PHOTOGRAPHER DAVID SEYMOUR  
Violence shadowed a gentle man.

very modest tax relief for low-income groups only. In midwinter President Eisenhower will announce that he will not run again. On the Democratic side, Adlai Stevenson will get the nomination; but Harry Truman, once bitter against Senator Kefauver, this time will throw his weight to Kefauver for Vice President."

Concluded the *Post's* letter writer: "Please keep publishing Pearson on your comic page. He is so much funnier than all the rest. As to that series on Pearson now running in another famous publication [the *Satevepost's* "Confessions of an S.O.B."], it seems to me your esteemed contemporary misses the point. To paraphrase that old vaudeville joke—it isn't so much a question of who called that political prophet a so-and-so; the real point is who called that so-and-so a political prophet!"


## Lost Cause

Facts Forum, the most expensive personal propaganda mill in the U.S., came to a halt last week. Launched five years ago by Dallas' Haroldson Lafayette Hunt, 67, whose oil, natural-gas and farmland interests give him an income of \$200,000 a day, Facts Forum billed itself as a "non-partisan, nonpolitical educational organization." But in its monthly *Facts Forum News* (reported circ. 100,000), a clutter of radio and TV shows, e.g., *Reporters' Roundup*, *Topic of the Week*, and widely distributed "public-opinion" polls, Hunt's nonprofit—and tax-free—foundation promoted a far-right, McCarthyist line that saw "dangerously radical tendencies" in the Republican Party (TIME, Jan. 11, 1954). As he folded all the projects, paid off employees and bought up outstanding contracts, publicity-shy Hunt kept mum as usual. But his programs were plainly victims of acute public indifference. Said one of his associates: "He just got tired of useless and lost causes."

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TENNESSEE'S MAJORS (45) ROLLS OUT ON RUN-PASS OPTION PLAY  
Punt, pass and pray for the breaks.

Hugh Lunford—Knoxville Journal

## To the Top of the List

Tennessee's slow-starting Volunteers looked like anything but the nation's top team they were cracked up to be. By the end of the first quarter last week they were losing to Mississippi 7-0, and that seemed only the beginning. Time after time, Ole Miss passes caught the Volunteer secondary flat-footed; Tennessee fumbles stopped every drive before it was well started. But Tennessee Quarterback Johnny Majors was magnificently unflustered. While his team got untracked, Johnny killed time with old-fashioned football: he punted and prayed for the breaks.

For a while, the breaks came slowly. By half time the Volunteers were doing no better than a 7-7 tie. A locker-room talk from Coach Bowden Wyatt and a message from Athletic Director General Bob Neyland, scouting in the pressbox, corrected the team's mistakes. Now the Volunteers began to get the jump, and they forced Mississippi's first big mistake: an intercepted Mississippi pass led to a quick touchdown. Then, with Majors faking Ole Miss defenders off balance and hitting his receivers with passes that practically had handles, Tennessee went in front to stay, 21-7. After that, a well-drilled second team smothered the Mississippi attack while scoring once more on their own. Final score: Tennessee 27, Mississippi 7.

**Simple Philosophy.** Watching their team scramble back into the ball game, Volunteer fans reminded themselves that playing the breaks is what Johnny Majors and the rest of Coach Bowden Wyatt's boys do best. They have to. The Volunteers started the season with a squad that no self-styled expert took seriously. Of course, they had little Johnny (5 ft., 10 in., 162 lbs.), and he could do anything with a football; they also had a couple of tough line men: End Buddy Cruze, Tackle and Captain John Gordy. But that was about all. Making the best of a bad situation, Coach Wyatt worked hard with his second-stringers, tried to build a club that could hold off the opposition while his stars caught their breath. His philosophy was disarmingly simple: "We play to keep the other guys bottled up down deep and watch their mistakes. Then, when you get a break, you've only got a short way to go to score. It beats marching down the field on your own. Let the other guy give you a hand."

Wyatt's scheme worked so well that Tennessee suddenly found itself boasting an unbeaten team. In seven games, the

## SPORT

Volunteers made the most of their breaks, picked up 15 enemy fumbles, turned nine of them into scores. In between, they fielded a fast, shifty, single-wing offense, built around the talents of Quarterback Johnny Majors. His unerring quick kicks became a sharp offensive weapon; his passes were almost always on target. On roll-out, run-pass option plays he gave the best defense fits. His pixyish, mincing gait was faster than it looked, and he proved to be one of those rare backs who can run in one direction and fire a pass in the other without breaking stride.

**No Surprise.** Around the Tennessee hills, little Johnny's cool kick comes as no surprise. He was born to football. Johnny has four brothers, ranging from seven to 19, all of whom play; his father, Shirley Majors, coaches Huntland (Tenn.) High School's outstanding team, which has won 70 games, tied one, and lost only one in the last seven years.

After Johnny's statewide cheering section got over the tension of that slow first quarter last week, the fans realized that they had never really had anything to worry about. All they had to do was wait for the breaks and watch the Volunteers win a sure shot at the Sugar Bowl in New Orleans and a sure spot among the best college football teams in the U.S.



SHOOT-PUTTER O'BRIEN & COACH KELLY  
Worry, work and win.

## Who Needs Steaks?

After a long overdue medical checkup, some of the hoariest traditions of sport were declared no better than a hypochondriac's fancies.

¶ The training-table menu of steaks and chops is an overworked ritual, say a trio of Harvard doctors in the current *Journal of the American Medical Association*. Good red meat is good for anyone; but though it may make an athlete think he is stronger, it works no more magic than the ground lions' teeth with which ancient warriors spiced their meals. For the most part, "there is considerable doubt whether manipulation of an adequate diet can enhance performance. . . . The best diet for an athlete is one that he enjoys and one that, at the same time, provides a variety of nutritious foods in amounts adequate to maintain his weight at an optimal level."

¶ After conducting a series of experiments with college trackmen, Springfield College (Mass.) physiologists reported that most pre-race warmups are practically useless. Setting-up exercises and a variety of massage techniques made no noticeable differences in the performances of Springfield runners. Nor could the scientists find any evidence that warming up reduces the number of athletic injuries. Their deadpan conclusion: "No one will question the beneficial effect of warming up when limbs may be almost numb from cold, but there is a suspicion that the practice of warming up is frequently overdone."

## Greatest U.S. Team Ever

On the eve of the games, bitterness still flared in Melbourne's Olympic Village. Officials waited nervously to see whether any more nations would pull out; the Hungarian team tore down the Communist flag, hoisted, black-draped, a Hungarian flag with the Kossuth arms. But the big news was about the U.S. team.

For weeks U.S. track buffs had been singing the blues because of injuries and poor pre-Australian performances. Only Coach Jim Kelly was unperturbed, and last week reports from Melbourne about warmup sessions proved him correct. Minnesota's Fortune Gordien ambled out to the practice field and spun his discus in a casual, 195-ft. toss that bettered his own world record, California's Cy Young, holder of the 1952 Olympic javelin mark (242 ft. 4 in.), broke that record by flinging his spear 256 ft.

Next day, in a tune-up meet at Geelong, 45 miles away, the U.S. team put on



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Two of the four movable arms of Duraflex (super-fine-grain phosphor bronze) in the control shown above. Turned by hand throttles and dials, they regulate voltage to control train speed.

**THE PROBLEM:** Much of the fun of model railroading depends on the controls. That's why Lionel insists that controls be tough precision instruments. For example, inside the Trainmaster transformer (above) movable arms regulate voltage to change train speed. These arms have to be good conductors of electricity—springy to maintain a steady electrical contact. And they must be tough

enough to stand up under the exacting demands of engineers, young and old. But the design of these intricate parts called for sharp bends in the metal. Using regular phosphor bronze, Lionel had difficulty with fractures in making the bends. They considered turning to a different and more expensive alloy.

**THE SOLUTION:** First, however, they consulted specialists of The American Brass Company, who had developed a new kind of phosphor bronze called Duraflex®. Because Duraflex has an extremely fine grain, it can be formed more easily and has a harder, smoother, more scratch-resistant surface. It also has good electrical conductivity and high resistance to corrosion. Lionel tried it. Fractures were eliminated—the strength and resilience of the movable arms were improved. So Lionel cut rejects and now has controls that work

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a spectacular performance. Nearly all the injured had recovered; they bore down and won six out of eight events, swept the first three places in four of them. Parry O'Brien, world's best shot-putter, got off a 60 ft. 4½ in. toss to stay in front of Teammates Bill Nieder and Ken Bantum. California's Bob Richards and Bob Gutowski cleared 14 ft. 8 in. and George Mattos reached 14 ft. to dominate the pole vault. Lanky Charley Dumas, only man ever to high jump 7 ft. officially, settled for 6 ft. 6 in., two inches ahead of Teammates Phil Reavis and Vern Wilson. High Hurdlers Jack Davis, Lee Calhoun and Joel Shankle also finished 1, 2, 3. In a later meet, Davis set a world's 120-yd. high-hurdle record at 13.3 sec.

For all the heartening U.S. achievements, the heartbreaking failure of Australia's John Landy spoiled the day. Testing his sore legs for the first time in weeks against topflight competition, the world's fastest miler finished eleventh in a two-mile run. "This could be the end," said the dejected champ. "Every step was an effort. There's no time to get fit."

There was time for Russian observers to get a striking view of U.S. power, and Soviet Coach Gabriel Korobkov was properly impressed. "This U.S. team," said he, "is the greatest ever assembled by any country in time."

## Scoreboard

¶ As football rounded the November corner, conference standings and bowl claims began to come into focus. **Yale**, still smarting from eight defeats in the last nine games with **Princeton**, buried the previously unbeaten Tigers 42-20, assured itself at least a tie for the Ivy League championship. **Iowa's** Hawkeyes hung on to a thin 6-0 lead over **Ohio State**, edged up on the Big Ten title and copped their tickets to the Rose Bowl. **Michigan State** dropped out of the Big Ten title scramble by losing to **Minnesota**, 14-13. **Oregon State** just managed to squeak past **Idaho**, 14-10, won a rematch with **Iowa** in Pasadena. **Pitt**, which will happily accept a bowl bid, proved it could handle one by tripping **Army**, 20-7.

¶ Comfortably ahead of any spring dickering over salary, Yankee Mickey Mantle was practically assured of a sizable raise by the Baseball Writers Association. New York's switch-hitting center fielder was the sportswriters' unanimous choice as the American League's Most Valuable Player in 1956. Runner-up: the Yankees' Catcher Yogi Berra, winner the last two years.

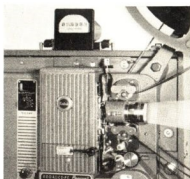
¶ As a last-minute reminder of what the Olympics lost when the Dutch withdrew (*TIME*, Nov. 19), Holland's lithe young (16) swimmer, Atle Voorbij, lowered the world's 100-meter butterfly record by 1.3 seconds, churned the distance in 1:10.5. Next day her teammate, Ada den Haan, 15, set a new 200-meter breast-stroke record of 2:46.4.

¶ Leaving the pack behind in the stretch, a French colt named Master Boing took the Washington, D.C. International at Laurel, Md., by five lengths from the American horse, Mr. Gus.

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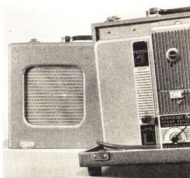
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## ART

### The Barrister & the Beauties

Baltimore Bachelor Alfred Jenkins Shriver was a legal expert who prided himself on his skill with wills and his eye for beauty. He left behind, after his death in 1939, a dilly of a will to prove both points of pride. Not counting 235 bottles of scotch, 165 bottles of champagne, 15 gallons of pure alcohol and one bottle of Howard County applejack (all of which went down the drain to avoid tax complications), he left a round \$900,000 to his alma mater, Johns Hopkins University, to build Shriver Hall of materials "the best obtainable in the world." And he tied his bequest down with stipulations that made it to his confreres "one of the most remarkable documents of our time."

Benefactor Shriver's idea of how his early 19th century Georgian brick memo-

rial should be decorated turned out to require the services of half a dozen artists and sculptors. On view last week was the largest item of all: a 640-sq. ft. mural for the main lobby, made up of panels depicting the early faculty of the Medical School, the early faculty of Johns Hopkins, philanthropists of Baltimore, the picture of Shriver's class of 1891 and a deep, cotillion bow from Bachelor Shriver to *The Ten Famous Beauties of Baltimore*, each shown "at the height of her beauty."

To paint the mural, involving a total of 120-odd figures, Johns Hopkins commissioned Painter Leon Kroll, 71, famed as "dean of U.S. nude-painters," who labored 2½ years on the task. Unquestioned hit of the series, and for Muralist Kroll ("I like women better than men") a labor of love, are the Baltimore belles. To record them, Kroll started with nude models (*see cut*), then borrowed or bought authentic turn-of-the-century gowns, used photographs and Baltimoreans' recollections to recapture the exact features and coloring of the originals.

Kroll frankly admits that "the nude studies might have shocked the ladies if they had been alive" (only one of them is: handsome, octogenarian Mrs. De Courcy Wright Thom of Baltimore), but he points out, "That way I could capture the movement of the body better, the fall of the legs and breasts." For Kroll, who holds that "the human body is the most beautiful thing in the world," painting clothes on the nudes was the reluctant, if necessary, next step. The finished painting shows half an instep, no ankle. The result turned the hachanal into a proper tea party on the lawn before Johns Hopkins' old "Homewood House," which was probably just what Bachelor Shriver had in mind all along.



ARTIST KROLL & MODEL

### POEMS OF DECAY

THE expansive ground floor of Paris' Musée National d'Art Moderne looked like a specter-haunted landscape from Mars. *Bird-men*, ten inches tall, made up of a human thorax, bare-boned ribs and a spinal column topped by oversized beak and reptilian eyes, stared back at the spectators. A human-size *Praying Mantis* in female form crouched ready to spring; a *Shepherd* with half-decayed body tottering on three spindle legs looked more like an abandoned sheep carcass than a human figure. The reason for this nightmare in Paris last week: 82 pieces finished in the last twelve years by French Sculptress Germaine Richier.

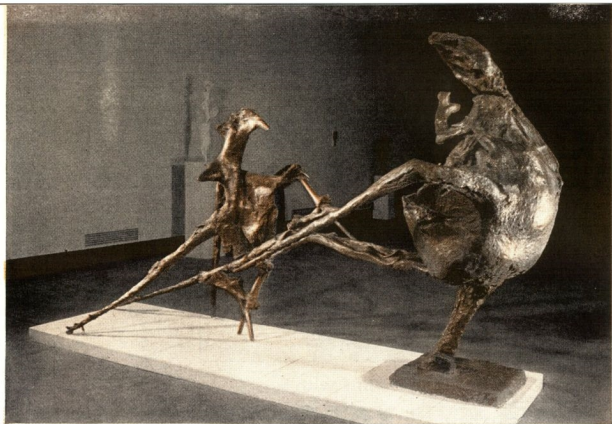
Rated in the forefront of French art ever since she won first prize in sculpture at São Paulo's 1951 Biennial, Sculptress Richier, 52, does not see beauty as the world usually views it. Says she: "I am more attracted by the trunk of a dead tree than by an apple tree in full bloom." Along with such dissimilar sculptors as Swiss-born Alberto Giacometti and Britain's Henry Moore, Germaine Richier takes her stand as a Pygmalion-in-reverse. Rather than working inert sculptor's materials to the polished, lifelike perfection of idealized beauty, she clings to the magic moment of metamorphosis, when half-glimpsed form begins to emerge from mute matter.

Richier rejects the suggestion her work is morbid. Says she: "I merely try to see below the surface of things." As an example she points to *Tanromachy* (*see opposite*), in which the sculptress has interposed a preview of destiny between the viewer and the bullfighter enjoying his moment of triumph. Explains Richier: "He killed the bull, but he knows he too is going to die some day." By taking her inspiration from the forms the clay suggests as she works, Germaine Richier has opened the door to subconscious promptings which French critics find "disturbing, irritating, but teeming with life." As a result they classify her as "a sculptor-poet in an age of sculptor-architects."

JOHN SADDOY



SCULPTRESS RICHIER & WORK



THE MOUNTAIN, by France's Germaine Richier, shows two wildly dancing figures, sculpted to look like fantastic gnarled stumps with bared roots clinging to mountainside.

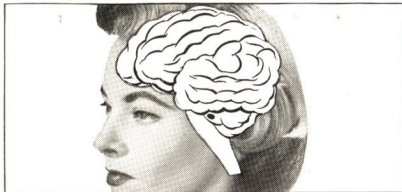
Photographs for TWT by Pierre Boulat



DEVIL WITH CLAWS is emaciated figure whose rough skin, sticklike elbows simulate bark and sticks. Bare armature, used to steady statue, appears as trap being set by sinister nymph.

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## MILESTONES

**Married.** Joseph Wilbur (Joe) Adcock, 29, lofty (6 ft. 4 in.), fence-busting first baseman for the Milwaukee Braves; and pretty, brunette Secretary Joan James, 23; in Dodgeville, Wis.

**Died.** Vice Admiral Ralph Andrew Ofstie, 59, bemedaled onetime hot Navy pilot (he set three speed records for seaplanes in a 1924 meet), later commander of naval forces in the Far East (1951-52), who served with the Joint Chiefs of Staff Evaluation Group for the 1946 Bikini tests, in 1949 declared that strategic atomic bombing was little more than "random mass slaughter," militarily unsound and morally questionable; after long illness; in Bethesda, Md.

**Died.** Princess Elizabeth of Rumania, 62, beautiful, dark-haired sister of the late King Carol II of Rumania, and onetime (1922-35) Queen of Greece; of a heart ailment, a month after she adopted the Marquis Marc de Sarrat, her handsome, 33-year-old French quarry, gave him her family name of Hohenzollern; in Cannes, France, Elizabeth married the Greek Crown Prince in 1921, shared the throne with him when he became King George II of Greece (September 1922), fled to Rumania in exile when the late George was ousted after 15 months, rocked the Balkans by charging unfaithfulness and desertion, pouting, "I never wanted to be a queen," when she divorced him in 1935.

**Died.** Dr. Juan Negrin, 64, round-faced socialist and University of Madrid physiologist, who became Loyalist Spain's last premier (May, 1937) ten months after the Spanish Civil War broke out, for two years led the crumbling republic's fight against Franco's Axis-backed forces; of a heart attack; in Paris. Left-winger Negrin got aid from Russia, later was charged by onetime Defense Minister Indalecio Prieto with having smuggled \$566 million in Loyalist bullion to Russia while finance minister in 1936.

**Died.** Clifford Mooers, 67, horse breeder and onetime Alaska gold prospector, dirt-track auto racer, World War I flyer, lawyer and oil wildcatter, who settled down to horse racing after his wells started to gush, hit the big time fast (1949) when his Old Rockport went to post at 33 to 1, copped the \$141,800 Santa Anita Derby; between planes at New York's LaGuardia Field, en route from Kentucky to Pawtucket, R.I., to see one of his horses at Narragansett Park.

**Died.** Floyd Buckley, 82, Broadway's oldest performing actor (he played the mustached pappy of Mountain Boy Will Stockdale in *No Time for Sergeants*), who started trouping in 1899 with Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show; of an aortic aneurism suffered after his 44th straight performance in *Sergeants*; in New York City.

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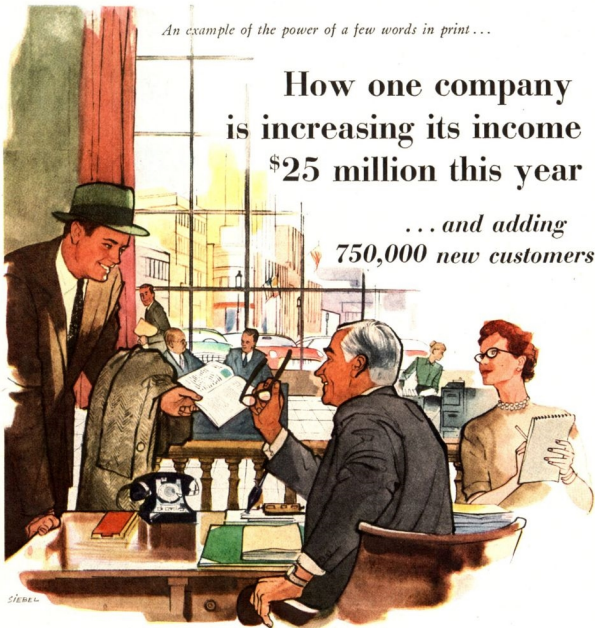
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750,000 new customers*



Many prospects brought copies of the magazine into State Farm offices and asked, "Is this the car insurance I read about in Reader's Digest?"

**L**AST YEAR the State Farm Mutual Automobile Insurance Company (Bloomington, Illinois) had 4,000,000 policyholders among car owners. This means the company insured more automobiles than any other company in the nation.

Despite this fact and despite stiffer-than-ever competition in its field—State Farm in 1956 shows a remarkable increase in business. As this message goes to press, 1956 new-policy sales are up 29% over the same period last year. Sales this year, as before, have been made by State

Farm's 7,500 agents across the country. And sales have been promoted, as before, by well-planned advertising.

### **The company took one new step**

There was one great difference, however, this year. In the January, 1956 issue of Reader's Digest, State Farm ran an unusual advertisement. In the space of six pages, it told automobile owners a detailed story of the advantages of being insured by the State Farm Company. The company chose Reader's Digest, its management said, because the Digest reaches more readers than any other

magazine—and at the lowest cost per reader. Research showed that the Digest's 11,000,000 families own a total of 10,975,750 cars, and bought a third of all the nation's new cars last year—a tremendous market for automobile insurance.

So the State Farm people expected results from the Digest advertisement, they said, but nothing like the action that came...

#### **A single advertisement started a sales trend**

Two weeks after the January issue of the Digest appeared, Thomas C. Morrill, vice-president of State Farm wrote:

"From every sales area, agents report a steady flow of new business traced directly to Reader's Digest." Then in March he wrote again:

"Our sales in January and February are running well ahead of last year. And our advertisement in the Digest should be given a great share of the credit for this. *This ad was the motivating force in the most powerful single promotional activity we have ever carried out. Its depth and continuing influence are so great they can't be totally measured.*"

Later Mr. Morrill reported that more than seven out of every ten agents were still using the promotion as basic sales material more than six months after the ad appeared.

#### **A booklet boosted the trend**

To help their agents take advantage of the Digest advertising, State Farm offered them a booklet entitled "What Every Car Owner Should Know" containing a reprint of the ad along with effective automotive articles from recent issues of Reader's Digest.

Agents ordered and paid for 750,000 copies of this booklet for distribution to prospects.

And old policyholders were helping too. When bills for renewal of policies went out to policyholders, the booklet containing the Digest ad and articles was offered in exchange for the name of another prospect. To date, policyholders have sent in 149,000 names of new prospects.

"At our current rate of sales," says Mr. Morrill, "State Farm's income for 1956 will be more than \$25,000,000 above last year, and we'll have 750,000 new customers. We owe a great share of this new business to stepped-up sales promotion activity led off by our six-page advertisement in the Digest."

#### **How belief leads to action**

Why did so many people respond so quickly and so favorably? Simply because people who read the Digest—32,000,000 of them—read the magazine closely—and have learned they can *believe* what they read. Many new policyholders told the State Farm agents, "I knew yours must be a good company when I saw your advertisement in Reader's Digest." Many prospects even brought copies of the magazine into the agents' offices.

Each month the Digest opens new worlds...furnishes new inspiration...to millions of intelligent people in all walks of life. They keep and refer repeatedly to their copies of the Digest.

More advertisers are learning that a compelling message about a good product or service delivered in this environment of faith and trust can produce results unmatched by any other medium.

#### **The Largest Market in the World**

- 32 million people in the United States read the Digest every month—far more than read any other magazine.
- Paid circulation is now 11,024,410 per issue. This is an increase of nearly one million since the Digest began to accept advertising last year.
- The Digest can get your advertising message before more men and women in every age group—at every income level—in every marketing area—than any other magazine.

Advertisers are reaching more families per dollar in the Digest than in any other magazine.

People have faith in **Reader's Digest**

*Largest magazine circulation in the nation... and in the world*

11 million copies bought per month in the U.S.A. . . . 8 million more in 100 other countries, reaching a total of more than 60 million readers throughout the free world

# BUSINESS

## STATE OF BUSINESS Shock Wave from Suez

As the Middle East crisis flared and flickered last week, the New York Stock Exchange reflected the developments hour by hour. Led by big international oils like Gulf, Royal Dutch Shell, Standard Oil (N.J.), some stocks bounced up more than two points in an hour, then slipped back. By week's end the Dow-Jones industrial average had dipped to 480.67 for a 4.68-point loss. Only steels were consistent gainers, and there the star was Lukens Steel, makers of heavy steel plate for ships. Jumping as much as 12 points a session, it shot 34½ points higher during the week, closed at a new peak of 148 for a better than 300% gain since Jan. 1.

What spurred the steels was news of a huge tanker boom for U.S. shipyards. Everywhere, new orders were flooding in, old tankers going for record prices. When the Maritime Administration offered six mothballed T-2 tankers for sale last week, it got 240 bids from 44 bidders, some offering as much as \$2,456,525 for ships that originally cost an average \$3,000,000 to build during World War II, were worth less than \$1,000,000 apiece until war broke out in the Middle East. In Chester, Pa., Sun Shipbuilding Corp. signed orders for two new 30,000-ton tankers, expected to close deals for several 45,000-ton tankers and several more giant 60,000-ton supertankers in the "near future." Said Sun President R. K. Burke, who was getting half a dozen new inquiries daily: "The market is wild, and nobody knows where it is going to go."

**High Hurdle.** To meet the demand for new shipping, the highest hurdle to jump is the shortage of steel. Merely counting current orders, shipbuilders will need at

least 170,000 tons of steel plate this year. Yet plate is so tight that deliveries have already fallen 40% behind demand. With the new orders, the shortage is so serious that Government maritime officials are talking about some sort of priority system to allocate supplies. The problem is that so many industries are pinched for supplies that the Office of Defense Mobilization fears that special treatment for shipbuilders will bring demands from many other vital industries, force the Government to institute a complete controlled-materials program such as the one in effect during the Korean war.

The U.S. oil industry is also throbbing with a headache over the Middle East. In Texas a major argument raged between independent oilmen and the big companies over how to supply Europe with oil to tide it over until supplies start flowing freely again from Arab fields. While major companies want to boost U.S. production, the independents insist that the shortage should be filled from existing U.S. supplies above ground, argue that production increases will only result in bigger domestic surpluses once the immediate Suez crisis is past. As of last week, at least, the independents were winning. The Texas Railroad Commission, which controls some 45% of all U.S. production, boosted allowable production barely 75-503 bbls. to 3,442,952 bbls. daily, just 25% of what big oilmen wanted.

**Higher Prices.** Though many U.S. oilmen confidently predicted that the oil crisis would end soon, few Europeans were as optimistic, looked ahead gloomily to higher prices, short supplies, gas rationing, mounting unemployment as oil-dependent industries were forced to slow down. Britain has already asked drivers to stay off the road voluntarily to con-

serve fuel, expects full-scale rationing by Christmas (see FOREIGN NEWS). But despite their troubles, London's papers continue to note, with a wry smile, that the Arabs had their troubles, too, were unable to ship abroad all the oil they produced.

In France, where 30% of all factories depend upon oil for fuel, the pinch is already starting to hurt. French railroads are cutting back schedules, switching from diesels to steam engines. Gasoline deliveries are down 20%, and the booming French Riviera tourist resorts are crying disaster; within a few days of the first gasoline restrictions, hotel occupancy dropped as much as 75% below normal. In Denmark and Spain there is also the glum specter of rationing, with fuel supplies down as much as 25%; Sweden and Switzerland have already banned pleasure driving on weekends.

**Pool Agreement.** For the short run, France and the rest of Europe looked to the U.S. to supply their needs. In Paris last week, 17 nations formed an oil-pool agreement to handle oil imports by a "collective, cooperative effort" on a governmental level. Estimated cost at current prices: \$4,000,000 per day to buy about 1,000,000 bbls. of Western oil daily and ship it to Europe. It will soon cost even more; oil prices are already starting to edge up, and tanker rates, which increased 38% in the last two months, are nearly 150% higher than last year at this time and at the highest point since the Korean war.

So far, the U.S., which hopes to remain friendly with Arab nations, has no official Government program to help out. Instead, the U.S. wants Europe to buy oil on the open market and from private U.S. oil companies. To make it easier, the Justice Department last week approved a



"ONCE MORE ROUND THE BLOCK, O LOVED ONES. WE'VE GOT TO USE THE DAMN STUFF UP SOMEHOW"

World Copyright Express Newspapers, London

## TIME CLOCK

plan whereby 15 major U.S. oil companies would form a single marketing combine to supply Europe without laying themselves open to antitrust prosecution. Said Attorney General Herbert Brownell: "The plan contains features which I might well deem objectionable in other circumstances. However, I reluctantly concluded that this plan of action should be approved."

### AGRICULTURE

#### The Giveaway Grocer

Many a fire station, church basement or community center across the U.S. last week presented a scene more suggestive of the Depression than of the most prosperous year in U.S. history. Lines of citizens edged slowly up to makeshift counters, walked out with armloads of milk, butter, flour, or more than a dozen other foodstuffs—all for free. The giveaway grocer: the U.S. Department of Agriculture.

Such scenes help explain why the Government's huge stores of agricultural surpluses have recently been dropping at a surprising rate. While the school-lunch program got more than \$100 million last fiscal year, the fastest-growing part of the domestic disposal program is the handout program to welfare and needy families: last fiscal year \$90 million worth of food was given to 3,100,000 people in 36 states. More and more states are hopping on the bandwagon; only last month New York signed up to receive its share of the free groceries.

**Big & Bountiful.** Although Government surpluses have been doled out to the needy since 1933, the present program bears little relation to the nation's economic state. The program got its big boost in 1954, when Kentucky's Democratic Senator Earle C. Clements and Virginia's Democratic Representative W. Pat Jennings opened the floodgates with a bill providing that surplus food be made available in coal-mining areas with high unemployment. Since then the amount of free food has jumped tenfold, a total large enough to compete with grocers in many towns, bountiful enough to favor many who could hardly qualify as needy.

Pennsylvania, the leading consumer of Government surpluses, last fiscal year got free food for 867,337 people in 58 of its 67 counties. Sixty of Mississippi's 82 counties draw Government food; \$325,000 worth was distributed to 102,000 people in September, and the state expects twice as many people to line up by January, popularly known as "furnish" (handout) time. From July to September this year, 224,566 Michigan residents got 4,371,000 lbs. of free groceries worth \$1,220,000. In Arkansas, some 17% of the state's population gets the handouts.

**Charity in a Taxi.** County boards decide who gets the food on the basis of income or special need, and issue certification cards. But after the institutions and

**FEDERAL SPENDING** will jump \$2 billion to \$3 billion next year, says Grover Ensley, executive director of joint economic committee of Congress, but there still will be budget surplus of \$4 billion for 1957. Predicts Ensley: gross national product of \$430 billion to \$440 billion, prices up 2% to 3%, business investment up 8% to 10%, housing starts down to 1,000,000.

**EXPANSION PROGRAM.** Biggest in history, will be carried out next year by Bell Telephone System. Bell will spend \$2.5 billion in 1957 v. \$2.2 billion this year for new telephones, cables, dialing systems, will have to raise \$125 million monthly in new capital.

**STIFFER ANTITRUST LAWS** will be pushed in next Congress by Justice Department. Assistant Attorney General Victor Hansen, top U.S. trustbuster, will ask for power to stop bank mergers carried out by buying assets in addition to Justice Department's existing power to act against such mergers carried out by buying stock. Hansen also wants advance notice when big companies merge, force them to give information necessary to prepare antitrust suits.

**FIRST AFRICAN ALUMINUM** source will be developed by Canada's Aluminum Ltd. at cost of \$100 million for plants, mines, railroad, port facilities. World's second-biggest aluminum producer (first: Alcoa) will exploit bauxite mines in wilds of French Guinea, begin reducing bauxite to alumina by 1961.

**CANADA INVESTMENT BOOM** is pushing Canadian dollar to highest price in four years—\$1.04 in U.S. currency. Because of Middle East war scare, British and European investors are selling out at home, pouring cash into Canada.

**BIGGEST NAVY ORDER** for jet trainers is going to Lockheed Aircraft in \$70 million contract for some 250 more T2V-1 Seastars.

regular welfare recipients who automatically qualify, the definition of "needy" becomes surprisingly liberal. In Pennsylvania this year, free food worth \$5,000,000 went to striking steelworkers. Drought and disaster areas also benefit from free Government food, and even counties that have had good crops for years share equally in the program with their less prosperous neighbors.

Many officials complain that "low-income" families drive up to food distributing centers in taxis or new cars. Said one: "When I saw one man stuffing that food into the trunk of his brand-new automobile, I figured that something was wrong with the system." W. A. Moore, who oversees distribution in Pulaski County, Ark., says that about half of the people on the county's free-food rolls

Two-place plane hits top speed of 600 m.p.h., slows to 90 m.p.h. for landings on carrier's deck. New order pushes Lockheed backlog to \$1,580,000,000.

**STEEL UNION REVOLT** threatens United Steelworkers President David McDonald (Time, July 9). Steelworkers have nominated rank-and-file slate to oppose top officers in union election in February. Rebels oppose monthly dues hike from \$3 to \$5 to fatten union's strike war chest (now at \$21 million) and pay boosts to McDonald (from \$40,000 to \$50,000) and other staffers.

**EXPORTS TO EAST EUROPE** from U.S. are rising sharply. U.S. licenses for future exports to Communist Europe neared \$10 million in third quarter, more than double the preceding quarter. Imports from area are running at annual rate of \$66 million, more than \$10 million ahead of 1955. Reason: U.S. is buying more Polish hams, benzene, Russian furs, platinum.

**VODKA SALES** are up 146% over last year, will near \$250 million for 1956. Vodka now claims 6.6% of U.S. whisky and spirits market, more than double 1955 share, but still far behind the 12.2% for gin.

**FIRST NORTH-POLE FLIGHTS** from Europe to Asia will start in February, cut 10,300-mile Stockholm-Tokyo hop to 8,000 miles, trim flying time from about 49 hours to 31 hours. Scandinavian Airlines System, which pioneered polar route between Copenhagen and California, will fly two Far East round trips weekly over pole, make refueling stop at Anchorage.

**TIGHT MONEY** has forced Sears, Roebuck to form a new subsidiary to finance installment buying. The subsidiary, Sears, Roebuck Acceptance Corp., will take some of load off 200 banks that now finance credit account, which reached 41% of Sears' sales last year, will take an even larger share in 1956.

would be removed if they were investigated, but there are not enough county workers to check on them. Taxpayers—and politicians—have learned that opposition to the program is extremely unpopular. The program has other faults and inequalities; e.g., a Mississippi family of four is eligible only if its income is under \$100 a month, but a Michigan family of four can get free supplies if its income is under \$264 a month.

**Battle for Survival.** In many states stores have been enlisted (at payment of 10¢ to 15¢ a recipient) to distribute the surpluses. Participating stores have noted some rise in sales of fresh meat, vegetables and fruit, which are not on the surplus list; the landfall of free groceries apparently encourages many to improve their diets with food they could not otherwise



## These noble Scotches find favour with gentlefolk

It is AGE that imparts True Quality to 20-year-old Martin's Fine & Rare, and 12-year-old Martin's De Luxe. We suggest you give them your Patronage, in the conviction that you shall be well and truly SATISFIED. Offered for sale at fine spirit shops, hostelrys, clubs, etc.

—Respectfully,  
McKesson & Robbins, Inc.  
New York, N. Y., importers thereof

Blended  
Scotch  
Whiskies

20 years old  
86.8 proof



12 years old  
86.8  
proof

erwise buy. But the majority of distributions are made through public channels, and are, in effect, competition for local grocers. Small grocers, fighting to survive the inroads of chain stores and supermarkets, have already felt the press of the Government's burgeoning program. Wholesale grocery sales in Arkansas have dropped about 14%, and grocers blame at least half the drop on the surplus-disposal program. "We think the free groceries have cut into business," says W. Earl Fitzgerald, executive secretary of Michigan's Food Industry Committee, "but we distribute them as a civic gesture."

Some retail groups, such as Arkansas Retail Grocers, want the Government to junk the present distribution system and substitute a food-stamp plan under which needy families would be provided with stamps that could be turned in for groceries at retail stores. Grocers would redeem the stamps with the Government. They argue that a stamp plan would be cheaper and make it easier to keep the cheaters out, but thus far, the Department of Agriculture has cast a cold eye on the plan, and Secretary Benson has called it "unfeasible." Chief reason: a stamp plan would not necessarily drain off major surplus items, might become a permanent relief measure.

## INSURANCE

### Unorthodox Yankee

"Money has to be sold the same way that suits and dresses are." Today that slogan is a banker's commonplace. Yet when young Lewis Douglas Meredith argued the point in his Ph.D. thesis at Yale in 1933, it was far from accepted doctrine. Bankers sat on their funds, lent only on the highest-grade collateral. Meredith began developing the idea that, instead of looking mainly to collateral, the loanmakers should consider a man's job and his ability to repay. A mortgage, he argued, is not just a lien on property, but "instead is a means of raising the standard of living."

Shortly after writing his thesis, financier Meredith got a chance to prove his case. He joined Vermont's staid old (108 years) National Life Insurance Co., pioneered so many fields for investment that National Life has wielded an influence far beyond its \$620 million assets. Last week Meredith, now 51, and National Life's executive vice president, got another selling job. He became president of the New England Council, a post previously held by such eminent New Englanders as former Boston Federal Reserve President Laurence F. Whittemore and Senator Ralph E. Flanders. His task: to bind together the diverse elements of New England's economy into a cohesive unit.

**Modern Banking.** The job was tailor-made for Meredith. All through his career—assistant professor of economics at Vermont University, Vermont State banking and insurance commissioner—he has been busy improvising modern banking methods for modern days. Joining National Life in 1935 as an investment analyst,



James F. Coyne  
**LEWIS DOUGLAS MEREDITH**  
He opened the end.

he arrived shortly after the New Deal brought out its Federal Housing Administration to spur home building. While other money men cried socialism and hung back, Meredith turned National Life to investing in FHA. By 1946 had 42% of its money in government mortgages.

A string of other firsts followed. In 1945, as housing boomed, Meredith turned National Life to the package mortgage, permitting cash-short house buyers to tack appliances onto the house purchase price. An estimated half the mortgages written are now package mortgages.

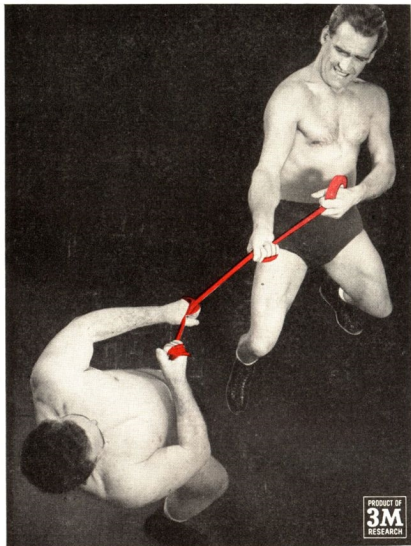
**Modern Developments.** Meredith pioneered again when National Life became the first life-insurance company to offer open-end mortgages (i.e., letting homeowners reopen their mortgages to add the cost of home improvements) on a nationwide basis. It attracted widespread interest; again, about half the new mortgages are open-end.

Meredith's newest idea is mortgages on automobile house trailers. Though many bankers consider trailer owners poor risks, Meredith argues, "Most of them are pretty solid—a lot are retired people who want to travel a little, and a lot are skilled and highly paid workers who have to go from one job to another." In 27 months National Life has lent \$15 million at 5% and 6%. Total loss to date: \$75. Says Meredith: "You have to keep up with modern developments."

## GOVERNMENT

### Double Jeopardy

Can the Government force a U.S. company to compete in foreign markets? Answered the U.S. Supreme Court last week: it can indeed. By a 4-to-4 tie vote (Justice Harlan disqualified himself from the case), the court let stand a lower-court ruling that Holophane Co., maker of prismatic glassware, must not only scrap



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**Look what you  
can do with it!**



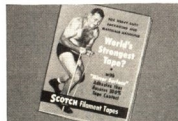
**REINFORCE** heavy shipping containers with strips of "SCOTCH" Brand Filament Tape. Tape won't cut cartons; won't loosen; is easily disposed of.



**BUNDLE** wood strips, metal pipe, conduit, other hard-to-handle long stock. "Mirror surface" adhesive of "SCOTCH" Filament Tape puts all the strength to work . . . holds securely.



**PALLETIZE** shipments for easier warehouse handling, storage, and shipment. Wrap of "SCOTCH" Filament Tape around top layer prevents load shifting or slipping.




**FREE FOLDER** gives complete story on "SCOTCH" Filament Tape; how to use it for heavy-duty packaging and materials handling. Write on your letterhead to 3M Co., Dept. MB-116.

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"360" K-2  
PHONOGRAPHS**

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all agreements with foreign companies to split up world markets but actively push its products overseas regardless of foreign laws or its own economic best interest. Snapped Justice Hugo Black, incredulously, during the hearing: "Is what you are saying this: that a distiller must go out and do everything in his power to sell his whisky in a dry state?"

The Antitrust Department started the case by hauling Holophane into an Ohio District Court. It charged that contracts between Holophane and a British and French firm, granting each other exclusive markets for their products, were "designed to eliminate competition." With previous Supreme Court decisions to go on, the lower court declared the cartel arrangement illegal. Then it went a giant step further. It ordered Holophane to use "reasonable" efforts to sell its products abroad.

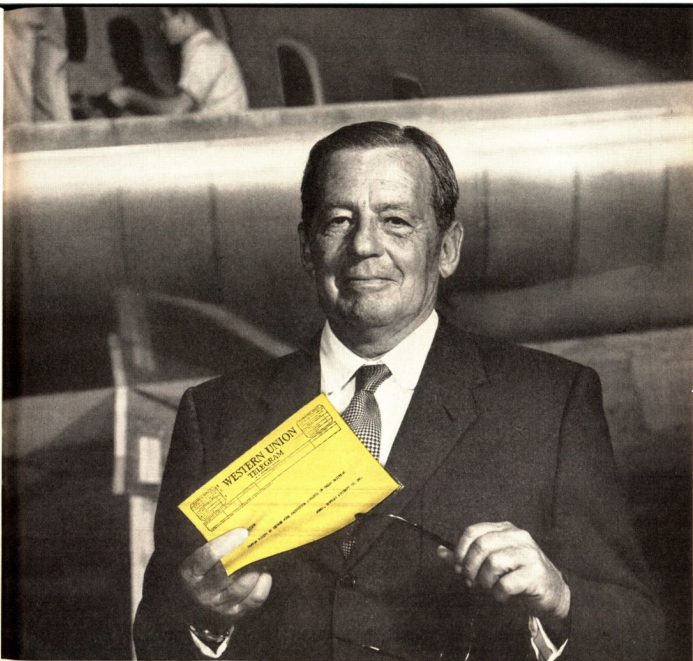
The Supreme Court wrote no opinion outlining its reasons for upholding the lower-court decision. But its technical approval had the unhappy effect of putting Holophane—and possibly other companies—in a position of double jeopardy. By competing abroad, Holophane leaves itself open to law suits in Britain and France, where courts may not recognize the jurisdiction of the U.S. Supreme Court. Commented the *Wall Street Journal*: "The four justices who voted against the decision . . . must content themselves with observing of the Supreme Court what Alice said of herself: 'Curiouser and curiouser! Now I'm opening out like the largest telescope that ever was!'"

## PERSONNEL

### Changes of the Week

¶ Robert William Galvin, 34, was elected president of Motorola Inc., replacing his father, Paul V. Galvin, 61, who becomes board chairman and remains chief executive officer of the company he founded 28 years ago. Born in Marshfield, Wis., young Bob went to work in Motorola's stockroom in 1940, has been with the company ever since, except for a hitch in the wartime Signal Corps. In 1954 Motorola muscled its way into the company of the TV giants (Philco, Admiral and RCA), now claims to be the nation's No. 1 radio-manufacturer. At the end of 1956's first nine months, Motorola turned in earnings of \$4.8 million, only 2% below the 1955 period v. a 40% drop for Admiral, a 65% drop for Philco. The busily diversifying company (transistors, Chrysler's pushbutton gear shift) is currently spending \$8 million yearly developing new products.

¶ Nicholas M. Schenck, 74, one of Hollywood's last tycoons, quit the board of Loew's Inc., world's biggest moviemaker (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, some 170 U.S. and foreign theaters, M-G-M records). A Russian immigrant boy who peddled papers, Nick Schenck got in at the start of the picture business, fought his way to the presidency of Loew's in 1927. Last year, as earnings fell and the threat of a stockholders' proxy fight rose, Schenck moved upstairs to board chairman, later honorary chairman.



*Donald W. Douglas, President and Chairman of the Board, Douglas Aircraft Co., Inc., as photographed by Mead-Maddick*

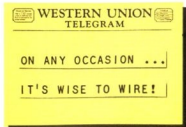
## Donald Douglas puts wings on his DC-8 jet with telegrams

"The age of commercial jet transport would be delayed years without telegrams," says Mr. Douglas. "In resolving problems of design, engineering, tooling, fabrication and procurement, wires daily save us weeks of precious time. For instance, six giant spar-cap blanks, backbone of the DC-8 wing, were ordered from the nation's largest hydraulic press. Telegrams straightened out a press scheduling error that might well have been disastrous, timewise."

More than a million times a day business

finds it wise to wire. Telegrams quote prices, confirm orders, route shipments. Speed plus the written record make the telegram essential to American business.

**DO YOU KNOW** about these other Western Union services? *Operator 25*, tells prospective customers where to buy what business has to sell . . . *Ticket Fax*: duplicates of railroad tickets are flashed from Pullman and reserved seat centers to main and branch station ticket counters in 8 seconds by facsimile machine.





# THE NEW CONSERVATISM

## A Bold Creed for Modern Capitalism

WHERE is the real radical, the real revolutionary, to be found in the U.S. today?" asked American Trucking Associations President Neil J. Curry last week. His answer: "Behind the desk of any business establishment." Twenty-five years ago the claim would have sounded absurd. It still seems so to many businessmen. In his own mirror, the average U.S. businessman sees an unyielding and uncompromising conservative face; yet he has been largely responsible for the dynamic forward drive of the U.S. economy that has had a revolutionary effect on American life. As the businessman has helped to sustain economic stability and translate it into human progress, he has assisted in a more sweeping democratization of society than dreamers dared prophesy a quarter-century ago.

In the process, conservatism has undergone as dramatic a transformation as the evolution of the 175-m.p.h. biplane into the 2,000-m.p.h. rocket aircraft. Through the Committee for Economic Development, the National Planning Association and scores of other groups, businessmen and educators are boldly charting economic and social policies that project conservatism's new look. Increasingly, its prophets are finding the word "conservatism" inadequate to describe the aims and achievements of present-day capitalism. Eager sponsors have proffered a dozen new labels: capitalism with a conscience, enlightened conservatism, people's capitalism, etc. But still the most widely accepted name is "The New Conservatism."

A parade of books and magazine articles has offered the new gospel in a dozen different shadings. It is already under attack by critics such as New Dealing Historian Arthur Schlesinger Jr., who calls it "a romantic nostalgia" for the feudal class system. But as the presidential vote showed this month, conservatism is no longer a narrow economic viewpoint but a political philosophy with vast popular appeal. As Du Pont President Crawford H. Greenewalt pointed out, more segments of the population than ever participate in U.S. business, as employees, stockholders or owners, identifying themselves with the new capitalism in the process. Says he: "Politically, we are becoming a nation of conservatives in the sense that more and more people have moved into an economic status where they have something to conserve."

Businessmen have trouble defining the new conservatism because it represents a departure from dogma, from the rigid principles and prejudices of classic conservatism. As Yale Economist Henry C. Wallich wrote, those who voted for "an-

other four years of conservatism" this month were endorsing "something felt, rather than clearly seen. Conservatism is an attitude, an approach, more than a specific set of doctrines. Its specific policies must change with the times—anything else would be ossification, not conservatism. And conservatism must flow from convictions if it is to be more than defense of vested interests."

Though ultraconservative businessmen (and many liberals) thought in 1952 that



MEYER KESTNBAUM

a G.O.P. victory would be a triumph for reaction, they sadly misjudged the temper of the times. By conserving and enlarging the social programs inherited from the New and Fair Deals, the Eisenhower Administration helped set a course for the new conservative. Instead of returning to a dog-eat-dog economy, Administration trustbusters have vigilantly policed big business. The Administration has expanded social security, federal aid to hospitals, low-cost housing subsidies and other programs that were once anathema to the standpat conservative. The most significant contribution of Eisenhower Republicanism, argues Hart Schaffner & Marx President Meyer Kestnbaum, onetime C.E.D. chairman and Eisenhower adviser, is that it has encouraged businessmen to "face social problems rather than ignore them, to seek first for an answer in individual and company initiative."

The dominant theme of the new conservatism is that businessmen and corporations must shoulder a host of new responsibilities, must judge their actions, not only from the standpoint of profit and loss or the balance sheet, but of profit and loss to the community. "Business today," says U.S. Chamber of Commerce President John S. Coleman, "views its own work through the eyes of the community and looks to the total welfare in terms of

the long pull. Instead of resisting change the new conservatism plays a creative role in directing it." Thus the progress of the corporation is inextricably linked with the progress of the community at large. Arthur A. Smith, vice president of the First National Bank in Dallas, defines the new conservatism as "a philosophy of social welfare, something the modern businessman's forerunner would have scoffed at." Less than 20 years ago, Republic Steel strikebreakers were battling union workers on the streets of Massillon, Ohio. Now, says Republic President Thomas L. Patton, management has learned that the welfare of its employees "is just as important to the success of the company as making products and selling."

Most modern businessmen agree with Crown Zellerbach President J. D. Zellerbach: "The majority of Americans support private enterprise, not as a God-given right but as the best practical means of conducting business in a free society. The regard business management as a stewardship, and they expect it to operate the economy as a public trust for the benefit of all the people."

Industry's emphasis on human values has also been prompted by self-interest. Says Banker Smith: "In the 1920s most business leaders stubbornly refused to recognize the nature of the consumer function in the economy. Then the emphasis was: 'Sales means jobs.' Today the situation is reversed."

Though businessmen fought a long delaying action against the growth of labor unions, against Government intervention in economic affairs, against social legislation, the majority now realize that welfare programs help store up purchasing power in the hands of the consumer. Says Gaylord A. Freeman Jr., vice president of the First National Bank of Chicago: "I think social security is good. I think unions are good. Unemployment compensation is desirable. Social legislation can add to the totality of freedom, increase the dignity of the individual."

In a complex, fast-moving technology the businessman can no longer afford the classic conservative's wait-and-see attitude, or his desire to build a fence around his markets and corporate position. Industry today must keep spending and keep growing. The U.S. is pouring \$5 billion a year into research whose outcomes years distant, can seldom be gauged in terms of dollar returns. More than ever the businessman must rely on scientists and economists and be ready to gamble on their projections. Says Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co. Vice President Leland Hazard: "Too many people and facilities are a-

stake for management to be timid, cautious, slow, antiquated," General Electric Co. President Ralph Cordiner estimates that up to 90% of his time is spent on projects that will not come to fruition until after he has retired. The business leader, in the words of George S. Dively, president of Cleveland's Harris-Seybold Co., must have "an infinite viewpoint, a perpetuity concept of his company."

Businessmen who once decried Government meddling in the economy also recognize that most federal police powers, e.g., regulation of the stock market, benefit business as well as the consumer. Most businessmen today agree with Du Pont Chairman Walter S. Carpenter Jr. that the anti-trust laws, under which his company has been haled into court 22 times, "are fair and should be vigorously enforced." Though some businessmen still argue publicly that the Federal Government should stop regulating business, the majority agree privately that Government intervention is preferable to the economy of the jungle. Says Standard Oil Co. of California President Ted Petersen, "Business should be allowed the right to property, but not the right to destroy. The businessman expects to have Government stop him now."

The present-day liberal and conservative have both rejected philosophical extremes, share similar goals, even though they disagree violently on the ways to reach them. Spokesmen for both political parties recognize the need for better housing, broader educational opportunity, more effective health insurance, elimination of racial and religious discrimination, freer foreign trade, the continuing responsibility of the U.S. to share its wealth and technical prowess with the underdeveloped

Professor Wallich: conservatism "takes an organic view of society as something that has grown up over time and cannot be arbitrarily changed. It puts more stock in experience than in abstract reasoning. It is skeptical of broad solutions, preferring to go step by step, to cross no bridges before they have been reached, and burn none after they have been crossed."

Conservatives hold that the goals of a free society can best be realized by an expanding economy which offers greater opportunity (rather than equal shares) for all. Liberals deride this view as the "trickle-down" theory of prosperity. Yet, as Economist Sumner Slichter pointed out last month, "the benefits that flow from vigorous enterprises are not a trickle. They are an enormous river, as shown by the 19% rise in personal incomes, the 21% rise in labor income and the 47% gain in industrial and plant equipment since 1952."

One of the biggest challenges to the new conservative is to broaden educational opportunity. To business, which is donating \$100 million a year (up 25% since 1955) to private schools and colleges, education is more than a means of providing trained personnel. Reasons Standard Oil Co. of New Jersey Chairman Eugene Holman: "A creative society must be a free society, built on men and women who are broadly educated to manage their own affairs. The only sure guarantee of progress comes from helping millions of individuals to arrive at their maximum potential, to express themselves, to turn loose their initiative and ingenuity."

A big reason for such a dramatic shift in business philosophy is the change from the privately owned company, operated for the enrichment of its owner, to the publicly owned corporation, run by the professional manager. Says ex-AEC Chairman David E. Lilienthal: "The job of running a big company is more nearly like that of a public official than that of a traditional business owner or manager." The modern manager has no less an obligation to provide steady jobs, good wages and advancement opportunities for his employees than he has to make a profit for his stockholders.

As a matter of good business, as well as from personal conviction, the average top executive spends up to one-third of his time on community projects (TIME, Sept. 24), expects his subordinates to follow his example. While businessmen had to be forced under protest to adopt measures such as the guaranteed annual wage and pension funds, they have voluntarily introduced profit-sharing and stock-purchase plans, launched vast human-relations programs that give the employee all manner of benefits from psychiatry to symphonies.

To Twentieth Century Fund President Adolf A. Berle Jr., FDR braintrustee who was among the first to recognize the new

nature of capitalism, the "humorous paradox" of the new conservatism is that "our ancestors feared that corporations had no conscience. We are treated to the colder, more modern fear that perhaps they do."

The fear is that, without an adequate philosophy to shape its generosity, big business may erect a vast new paternalism



ADOLF A. BERLE JR.

as sterile as the welfare state. In education, some observers argue that corporate coddling may stifle the independent academic spirit.

While some businessmen deride such activities as an empty gesture to public relations, the most eloquent proof of the conservative's genuine concern for human values is often to be found in unpublished programs within his own company. General Electric, for example, budgets up to \$40 million a year for education within the company, finds that one in eight employees takes advantage of its courses. Instead of merely firing the older employee or cutting him off with a watch, business is pouring \$4 billion a year into retirement programs. With the aid of University of Chicago consultants, Bell & Howell has even drawn up a three-year, pre-retirement indoctrination program for older employees to help them invest their money wisely, select an area in which to settle down, cultivate hobbies, and new skills for part-time jobs. One of the primary goals of the modern businessman, says G.E. President Cordiner, is to "encourage his employees to live in the world, not just the company."

The new conservatism is often criticized as a materialistic philosophy. On the other hand, argue thoughtful businessmen, the most hopeful achievement of the U.S. economy has been to free men and women from soul-destroying drudgery and want, raise educational levels, expand leisure time for the enrichment of self and society. Says Sears, Roebuck Chairman Theodore V. Houser: "As we have prospered and grown in an economic sense, we have also grown in the direction of achieving the goals the great religious and moral leaders have long envisaged for the great masses of people."



EUGENE HOLMAN

nations of the world. But the liberal looks first to Government to do many of the tasks on the ground that Government can do them quicker. The conservative, who knows that the hasty solution can be fatal, thinks first of private means, then local government, and only of the Federal Government as a last resort. Says Yale's

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## SCIENCE

### Sky View

Gunning along at 21,000 feet through the overcast skies above the Grand Canyon, a T.W.A. Constellation collided with a United Airlines DC-7 one morning last summer, sending 128 people plunging to their deaths in the worst commercial-airline disaster in U.S. aviation history (TIME, July 9). To ensure greater safety in the nation's crowded skies, the Civil Aeronautics Administration this week ordered 23 long-range radars designed to give controllers a picture of aircraft from 15,000 to 70,000 feet in virtually all the U.S. air space.

Although CAA's radar network plan was announced early last spring, it was given top priority only after the Grand Canyon disaster shocked Congress into appropriating an additional \$35 million toward its completion. Currently, CAA controllers outside of New York City and Washington, D.C. must form their pictures of air traffic conditions from position reports radioed in by pilots. The new installations will enable controllers to scan the skies for 200 miles around 23 of the nation's major cities, spotting everything from high-flying, supersonic military jets to plodding commercial airliners and buzzing private planes.

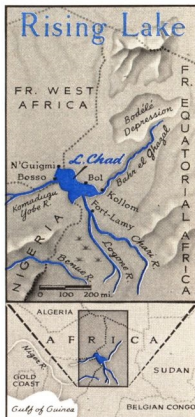
On densely traveled routes, the radars will also pick up small aircraft flying at altitudes lower than 15,000 feet. Designed and built by the Raytheon Manufacturing Co., the new installations will each use a mammoth 40-ft. antenna and will be able to feed up to 15 monitor screens simultaneously. Among their other refinements: an appreciable decrease in the "clutter" which plagues much radar during rainy weather; a filtering system which cuts out reflections from fixed objects, thus registering only moving objects; electronically generated maps, which can be superimposed on the radarscope for immediate identification of the territory over which a plane is flying.

CAA expects to have its new equipment in operation by next summer. Within three years, CAA figures, the nation will have a network of more than 70 civil and military radar installations, enough to handle four times the current volume of U.S. air traffic.

### Rebirth of the Chad

The two French scientists were standing near the dry-mud river bed when they heard the sound of the water. Looking up, they watched a shallow yellow wave ripple across the valley floor, driving before it a bevy of small animals, insects and snakes. Overhead the pelicans circled by the hundreds, diving occasionally to scoop up a flopping fish. Scientists M. Lefevre and A. Bouchardeau hurried back to their base camp to report that for the first time since 1873 the waters were running in the Bah el Ghazal, outlet of Central Africa's faded Lake Chad.

Situated in the borderland of the Sahara



Time Map by V. Pajugli

and the Sudan, 175-mile-long Lake Chad is the last fragment of a sprawling inland sea estimated to have been roughly the size of the Caspian. It once constituted an inland trading route and a favorite hunting ground of pirates. But long before it was first sighted by Europeans in 1823, the lake began receding before the southward encroachment of the Sahara Desert. Scientists suspect that it was also draining away through an underground outlet. As Chad was transformed into a wilderness of swamplands and papyrus jungles, its water level dropped to a point where it no longer flowed out through the Bahr el Ghazal. Rice farmers along the river banks and the lake's once-fertile shores packed up and moved southward. With the maximum depth of the lake down to 22 feet, the French set up the Commission Scientifique de Tchad to study ways of preserving the livelihood of the 200,000 people still clustered on its shores.

In 1953 the centuries-old trend was unaccountably reversed. The lake began to rise rapidly, spilling over into the mud flats and inundating the clay-and-sand islands that dotted its shallows. The rising water level created its own hazards. Grazing lands were flooded, and immense expanses of papyrus set adrift. In the course of one howling storm, 16 Kotoko fishermen in a four-boat flotilla were driven into a field of floating papyrus and held captive by the sinewy stems. The



**You  
haven't missed  
the boat...**

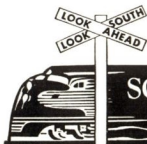
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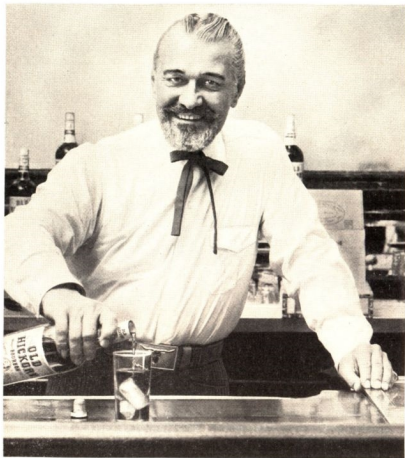
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crew of one boat managed to cut the way out of the papyrus jungle when he drifted into shallow water; the other crew and their boats were never seen again.

Despite such hazards, the scientists of the Commission Scientifique du Tchad are enthusiastic about the lake's apparent resurrection. It will immensely increase the agricultural yield of the region and stimulate trade along newly created waterways. At the same time, none of the scientists will predict how long the lake will continue to rise. Although it is currently higher than it has been in 50 years, its rise is not been accompanied by any increase in rainfall. The scientists' best guess: the underground reservoir of water into which the lake's waters have apparently been draining is now filled, and Chad will continue to expand until it finds a new subterranean outlet. By last week, the scientists noted happily, the waters of the Bahr el Ghazal were already approaching their historic banks and irrigating lands uncultivated for generations.

## Hot Dog

Visitors to Mexico are often affronted by dogs whose naked, blotchy skins look as if a loathsome disease had stripped them of their fur. Some of these creatures are really victims of mange or eczema, but others are more or less mixed descendants of the Xoloizcuintle,\* the hairless dog of the Aztecs. "Xolos" have been neglected until recently, but last week Norman P. Wright, a onetime British diplomat living in Mexico, was well on the way to establishing them as a rare, high-fashion breed.

In pre-Spanish times the Xolos were important to Mexican Indians in many different ways. Young ones could be stuffed with corn and bananas and brought to a hoglike fatness. Since the Indians had no other domestic animals except turkeys and ducks, the fat, hairless Xolo puppies were a leading source of meat. They were raised in large numbers, and a famous dog market near Mexico City sold as many as 400 a week. The Spanish clergy tried to suppress this traffic, with only gradual success. For many years the Spanish, too, appreciated roast Xolo. Mexico's famous painter Diego Rivera, who owns 45 hairless dogs, says he has eaten them and found them delicious.

**Fleecless** at 104° F. When not used as food, the versatile Xolos had other uses. The Indians believed that they guided the souls of the dead to heaven. Yellow Xolos were best for this job, but those of other colors could roll in yellow mud and come almost as well. They were also useful as sacrifices, and were believed to have important medicinal powers. A Xolo's temperature is 104° F., and his skin, bare of insulation, feels hot to the touch. These properties made him useful as a living hot-water bottle, and he harbored no more fleas than if he were made of rubber.

When Dog-Fancier Wright began to

\* The name is said to mean: He who snatches his food with teeth of obsidian sharpness at is dedicated to the god Xolotl.

Famous American Artists Portray "Togetherness"



Painting by R. Prohaska

## A New Chair for the Family

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study the hairless-dog situation, he found Mexico full of peculiar dogs, more or less hairless, and of various shapes and sizes. The few to be found in other countries were also nonstandardized. This is not what a breeder wants, so Wright made three long trips to the primitive parts of tropical Guerrero and managed to buy eight Xolos that matched old pictures and descriptions of the genuine Aztec breed. He found that in remote regions they are still used as hot-water bottles, but he was not offered any roasted puppies.

**Chaperoned Breed.** When freed of ticks and internal parasites, Wright's eight Xolos thrive and multiplied. In cooperation with the Asociación Canofila Mexicana (Mexican Kennel Club), he set up standards for the breed. A genuine Xolo should have no hair except a slight fuzz

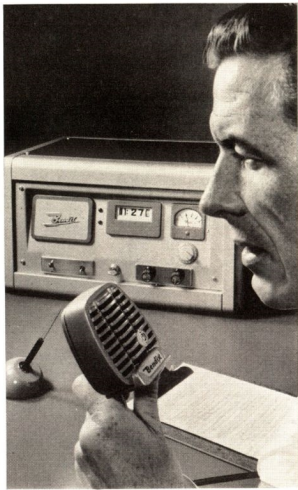


Juan Guzman  
**MEXICAN HAIRLESS**  
Heat and eat.

on the top of the head and the tip of the tail. The naked skin can be any color (dark brown or grey is commonest), but large blotches of pink are undesirable. The ears should stand up straight.

During the first year, the Kennel Club "recognized" only two of Wright's carefully bred puppies. Later generations, carefully chaperoned, have approached the standard more closely. Now there are 22 recognized Xolos, and more on the way. Rules have been set up to keep unrecognized Xolos, even though of ancient Aztec ancestry, from sully the breed. Buyers of the real McCoy must sign an agreement to destroy all nonstandard pups. No owner may breed his Xolo without consulting Wright's committee.

Interest in Xolos is growing rapidly. Certified animals have been exported to the U.S. and England, and both the American and British Kennel Clubs are expected to recognize the breed. Soon, thinks Wright, the ancient dogs of the Aztecs will have an honored place beside furry and hairy dogs.



## BENDIX CAN EQUIP NEARLY ANYTHING THAT ROLLS WITH PROFIT-MAKING TWO-WAY RADIO

Last year people who own various types of vehicles modeled above invested over \$40 million in two-way radio systems so they could make instant voice contact with operators anytime it was necessary. They were willing to spend this large amount of money—and will spend even more this current year—because it has been proved time and again that two-way radio returns a profit. It does this in various ways depending on the application.

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## CINEMA

### The New Pictures

**Love Me Tender** (20th Century-Fox). Is it a sausage? It is certainly smooth and damp-looking, but who ever heard of a 172-lb. sausage 6 ft. tall? Is it a Walt Disney goldfish? It has the same sort of big, soft, beautiful eyes and long, curly lashes, but who ever heard of a goldfish with sideburns? Is it a corpse? The face just hangs there, limp and white with its little drop-seat mouth, rather like Lord Byron in the wax museum.

But suddenly the figure comes to life. The lips part, the eyes half close, the clutched guitar begins to undulate back and forth in an uncomfortably suggestive manner. And wham! The mid-section of the body jolts forward to bump and grind and beat out a low-down rhythm that takes its pace from boogie and hillbilly, rock 'n' roll and something known only to Elvis and his pelvis. As the belly dance gets wilder, a peculiar sound emerges. A rusty foghorn? A voice? Or merely a noise produced, like the voice of a cricket, by the violent stridulation of the legs? Words occasionally can be made out, like raisins in cornmeal mush. "Goan . . . git . . . luhhv . . ." And then all at once everything stops, and a big, trembly tender half smile, half sneer sneers slowly across the CinemaScope screen. The message that millions of U.S. teen-age girls love to receive has just been delivered.

In his first screen appearance, with four songs and a secondary role as the hero's little brother in an otherwise routine southwestern, Elvis Presley all but steals the show from such better-known players as Richard Egan, Debra Paget and Mildred



LITTLE BROTHER ELVIS  
Long and smooth and damp.

Dunnock. Hollywood, moreover, foresees a box-office bonanza when the millions who buy Presley's pressings (*Heartbreak Hotel*, *Hound Dog*) go to see his first picture—and that will really be a steal.

**Marcelino** (Charmartin; U.M.P.O.). In the 13th century after Christ, King Alfonso X of Castile and León, by his courtiers called "The Wise," commanded that a chronicle be made of all the miracles that in all times had occurred within the limits of his realm. It was done; and among the marvels that the scholars heard and dutifully set down was the story of Marcelino.

A long time ago, before people stopped noticing miracles and started saying that they do not happen, a newborn baby was left one summer's night at the gate of a little Franciscan cloister that sat on the top of a high hill in the land of Spain. "It's a baby!" gasped the friar who found the precious package. He conducted a discreet investigation: "It's a boy!" And he ran to show the others what a wonder had come into their quiet lives. Brother Thomas, the cook, a man as simple and round and solid as Mother Earth, took charge of the situation. The child was crying. Brother Thomas dipped a cloth in water and gave it to him to suck. The crying stopped. Everybody began to smile. A young monk turned to the Father Superior with a pleading look, "Can we keep him, Father?"

They kept him. The Father Superior was won over in the end, even though he insisted that the child needed a mother. They christened the baby Marcelino because he had come to them on St. Marcelino's Day, and each of the brothers tried to be both a mother and a father to him.

Marcelino was an easy child to love. His clear young voice splashed like April sunlight on the sober stones, on the serious monks, and it put new life in them. They even changed their names to suit his fancy, and soon were quite unconsciously calling each other Brother Door, Brother Bad, Brother Cookie, Brother Ding-Dong. The monks also learned, as people with children generally do, that new lives bring new sorrows with them. One day when he was five years old, Marcelino saw a woman for the first time, a country wife. She told him that she had a boy the same age as Marcelino, and that his name was Manuel. Marcelino could not take his eyes off her. At last he said wonderingly, "You're very beautiful." After that Marcelino was sometimes strangely silent. One day he asked Brother Cookie, "Does everybody have a mother?" "Of course." "Even the Father Superior?" "Yes." "Where is mine?" "In Heaven." "Was she beautiful?" There was a pause; then Brother Cookie looked straight into the boy's eyes and said simply, "She was very beautiful." Marcelino ran out to play.



PABLITO CALVO  
What are mothers like?

The brothers began to notice, during the days that followed, that he was playing in a new way—with an invisible companion he called Manuel. And when it came to getting into trouble, two heads seemed to be better than one. Rags of the bell clapper, goats in the chapel, lizards in the vegetable dish—there seemed to be no end to the boy's devilment. One day Brother Cookie determined to put an end to it. "See that staircase," he told Marcelino, "You must never go up it. Never! If The Big Man up there sees you, he'll take you away—forever!" Marcelino was frightened, but he was brave too, and more than anything he was curious. One day he went sneaking up the stairs to see if The Big Man was really there. At the top there was a door. Shaking in his bones, the little boy pushed. The door creaked. Marcelino's heart pounded; his jaw dropped as he stood and stared up at The Big Man, who seemed to be hanging on a wooden cross. There were nails in his hands and feet and lines of pain in his face. All at once Marcelino was afraid no longer. "You look hungry," he said. "Wait, I'll be back." Marcelino ran down to the kitchen, stole a slice of bread, ran back to the upper room and held up the bread for The Big Man to take.

And he took it. A light awoke in his right hand, and it grew and shone, and the hand seemed to come alive and to move, and it reached out and took the bread from the child.

Marcelino smiled and went downstairs. The next day he was back. "I've got bread and wine today!" he announced triumphantly. And strangely then, there was a sound like the sound of a great stone being rolled away, and the sound was the voice of The Big Man. "You are

# This Is St. Paul

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**O**N THE CURVING BANKS OF the Mississippi, where Father Lucien Galtier built his log chapel more than a century ago, the city of St. Paul stands, its graceful, modern buildings towering over the Father of Waters.

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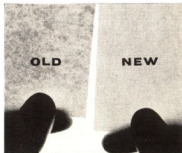
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not afraid of me?" he asked. Marcelino smiled. "You know who I am?" And Marcelino said simply, "Yes. You are the Lord." "You are a good boy," The Big Man said, "and I thank you. From this day you shall be called Marcelino of the Bread and Wine."

After that Marcelino went to see the Lord every day. When it thundered, he went to calm the Lord's fears; when it was cold, he brought him a blanket. One day the Lord came down from the cross and sat in a chair, and took the boy on his lap. "What are mothers like?" Marcelino asked. And the Lord said, "They give, Marcelino, all the time. Everything, in full measure." Then Marcelino said, "I want to see my mother . . . and yours too, afterwards." And the Lord replied, "You will have to go to sleep. Go to sleep, Marcelino." And the child slept in the Lord, and the light of the world blazed in the simple attic, and all the brothers coming in fell down on their knees and worshiped what they saw. And from that day forward, the people came from the length and breadth of the land to adore the miracle of Marcelino Pan y Vino.

In 1953 this tender story was revived by a Spanish author, José María Sanchez-Silva, in the form of a novel not yet published in the U.S. Now it has been converted by Ladislao Vajda, a Hungarian director working in Spain, into a film as simple and sincere as a child's fear. The actors, especially Marcelino (Pablito Calvo) and Brother Cookie (Juan Calvo), play with an easy matter-of-factness that makes the transition from natural to supernatural almost disappear. The hard Spanish land and the bare Spanish sky clamp the mystical theme between them, as in a vise of physical reality. And the musical score has an earthy beat and heat that might almost warm the coldest doubter to that spiritual ignition point at which miracles come to pass, and the soul knows them for what they are.

#### CURRENT & CHOICE

**Vitelloni.** One of the best of the Italian-made movies—a biting but not bitter satire of small-town life (TIME, Nov. 5).

**Around the World in 80 Days.** Producer Mike Todd, with the help of Jules Verne, 46 stars and \$6,000,000, has created what is certainly the most spectacular travelogue ever seen on the screen (TIME, Oct. 29).

**Wee Geordie.** The stiffest comic punch the British have delivered since *High and Dry*—an intoxicating mixture of Scotch and wry; with Bill Travers, Alastair Sim (TIME, Oct. 29).

**Giant.** In a picture based on Edna Ferber's bestseller about Texas, Director George Stevens digs the rowels of social satire into the soft underbelly of U.S. materialism; with Rock Hudson, Elizabeth Taylor, James Dean (TIME, Oct. 22).

**Bus Stop.** Don Murray ropes, brands and corals expert Comedienne Marilyn Monroe in a rowdy version of William Inge's Broadway hit (TIME, Sept. 3).

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## BOOKS

### The Unattainable

THE MERMAIDS (216 pp.)—Eva Boros—Farrar, Straus & Cudahy (\$3.50).

This first novel is the year's most beautifully written love story. Set in Budapest in the lost era between the two world wars, it begins with a casual pickup on the Danube Corso and ends in heart-break as poignant as the last act of *Camille*. The book, like the play, is about a girl with tuberculosis, but Author Boros' *Dame aux Camélias* is no languishing tragedienne drowning in a sea of self-sacrifice. Instead, young Lalla is self-sufficient, cheeky, preoccupied not with "how to live but how to stay alive."

Aladar, the man in the story, comes as reluctantly to love as the girl. Nearing 40, insulated in the creature comforts of habit, he has reached that safe harbor where the winds of memory can no longer wound. He can think without wincing of his failure as a painter, of his wife's deserting him for another man. Now Aladar is a successful businessman who does not seek adventures. On meeting Lalla, he methodically notes that she is a peroxide blonde, pretty, somewhat common, a compulsive liar, but all the same, rather appealing.

**Hothouse Flush.** He takes to visiting her at the sanatorium, generously pays for her treatment and embarks on projects to prepare her for the outside world she must face when she is cured. He teaches her French because her only knack seems to be a gift for languages, brings her albums of great paintings, tries to broaden her knowledge of the world. But Aladar is the pupil, not Lalla. He meets two of her fellow patients—strangely charming Franciska, gently maternal Kati. He dotes on the three girls like a fond parent, becomes absorbed in the hothouse flush of the sanatorium where almost everyone seems young and beautiful because so few live long enough to grow old and ugly. He loves the rhythms of their life, the fevered excitements followed by exhausted pauses; he loves their talk with its curious mixture of simple fun and cruel cynicism.

He is like a civilized man on the brink of going native. Instead of preparing Lalla for the reality of his life, he is becoming enamored of the unreality of hers. He can congratulate himself that "she had picked him blindfold, out of a hundred: rejected husband, melancholy salesman of flour and pigmeat, he was changed into a prince every Saturday afternoon."

It cannot last. Kati dies; Franciska goes away. Aladar throws the whole weight of his personality on Lalla, heaps her with presents and promises. In the end she blurts out a tortured "Leave me alone," and escapes to Germany and the real world. Aladar grimly sees that he had "adored her, bossed her and sentimentalized her, until she could bear it no longer."

**International Society.** Hungarian-born Author Boros, fortyish, who during 20 years of life in Britain has admirably



Peter Anderson

NOVELIST BOROS

A prince every Saturday afternoon.

mastered the English language, herself spent years in TB sanatoriums. Says she: "Those sanatoriums just don't exist any longer. With all the antibiotics, the illness has lost its peculiar quality. TBs used to be a kind of international society. It was that world of their own that I wanted to write about." The result is no *Magic Mountain*, but it is brilliant in its way.

There has seldom been so sensual a novel written with so little eroticism or with so much effect. Lalla emerges as that



Kevin McCarthy

TOURIST MCCARTHY

A Sleeping Beauty in Ali Baba's cave.

strange girl who lies buried somewhere in most men's lives, the girl who was never attainable although all circumstance seemed just right for attainment. The supple dialogue is loaded with surprise and revelation; everything that is said has shape and texture and reverberates with hidden meaning. There are self-contained moments of extraordinary power: Aladar's Christmas holiday with his family is a devastating snapshot of what life was for him without Lalla. Most memorable of all, perhaps, is the scene when a cure girl leaves the sanatorium while those left behind crowd the windows to cry over and over: "Don't go away, don't go!"


### The Floating City

VENICE OBSERVED (199 pp.)—Mary McCarthy—Reynal (\$15).

More than a century has passed since Byron swam from the Lido to Venice and through the Grand Canal (four miles) and nearly two since Napoleon pronounced the pigeon-sweep square of St. Mark's "the best drawing-room in Europe." But the destiny of Venice remains constant, to be "the observed of all observers." The latest to succumb to the spell of the floating city is Critic and Novelist Mary McCarthy (TIME, Nov. 14, 1955), who has fashioned the spectacle of Venice into a handsome and intelligent mosaic of art, history and personal impressions. Complete with 46 elegant color reproductions and more than 100 photographs, *Venice Observed* is a model travel book in that it heightens the reader's perceptions and gives him a sense of place without sentimentally usurping the place of sense.

Observer McCarthy early admits that in Venice, appearance is reality: "The tourist Venice is Venice: the gondolas, the sunsets, the changing light, Florian's Quadri, the Torcello, Harry's Bar, Murano, Burano, the pigeons, the glass beads, the vaporetto, Venice is a folding picture postcard of itself." But Tourist McCarthy is no ordinary tourist. Whether she is discussing the merits of Titian, Tintoretto, Veronese, Bellini, Giorgione, or building up a rare head of social protest steam over the teen-age slaves whose eyes are being ruined in the lace factory at Burano, her reflections bear the stamp of a rangy mind not to be fobbed off with commonplaces. To get the feel of Venice, she proceeds not by touch, but by touchstones.

**Images of Money.** Gold is one, the diadem of the Venetian genius, as Mary McCarthy sees it. Not only does it glint from painting, palazzo and cathedral, but from the hard surfaces of the Venetian mind as well. It was typical of the Venetians to sit out the first three Crusades except as close-bargaining transport agents. How explain the paradox, asks Author McCarthy, of "a commercial people who lived solely for gain—how could they create a city of fantasy, lovely as a dream or a fairy tale?" Her answer is as tantalizing as her question: "There is no contradiction, once you stop to think what images



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of beauty arise from fairy tales. They are images of money. Gold, caskets of gold, caskets of silver . . . the cave of Ali Baba stored with stolen gold and silver, the underground garden in which Aladdin found jewels growing on trees . . . A wholly materialist city is nothing but a dream incarnate. Venice is the world's unconscious; a miser's glittering hoard . . . This is the spirit of the enchantment under which Venice lies, pearly and roseate, like the Sleeping Beauty, changeless throughout the centuries."

Another touchstone is the mirror, developed by Venetian craftsmen. Observes Mary McCarthy: "The perennial wonder of Venice is to peer at herself in her canals and find that she exists—incredible as it seems. It is the same reassurance that a looking-glass offers us: the guarantee that we are real." In its decay, Venice is frozen in a kind of narcissistic trance with each Venetian "a connoisseur of Venice," and somehow slightly saddening in his obsessive concern with sacred artistic relics.

**The Lust for Beauty.** In its heyday, Venice pioneered the income tax, statistical science, the floating of government stock, state censorship of books, the gambling casino, and the ghetto (though no Renaissance power was less overtly anti-Semitic). Many of these reflect what Author McCarthy regards as the persistent Venetian style and temperament—dry, succinct, tough-minded. In the 18th century, the last of the doges, handing the dual cap to an attendant, remarked matter-of-factly, "I won't be needing this any more." Venice can boast no profound thinkers, no religious martyrs, no native-born legendary lovers. Of the world, worldly, it pursued wealth and reared up pleasure domes to become what Byron called "the revel of the Earth, the masque of Italy." But the Venetian eye was as "true as a jeweler's lens," and it lusted for lasting beauty. Venice had few friends when she ruled the seas but, as Mary McCarthy's grave and gracious tribute reaffirms, time was one of them.

## To Be Continued

Latest installments of two monumental publishing projects, vastly different in subject matter and yet similar in their grandiose gusto for life, letters and history:

A HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING PEOPLES, VOL. II, THE NEW WORLD, by Winston S. Churchill (433 pp.; Dodd, Mead; \$6), rolls with Churchillian eloquence over those troubled years between the first great Tudors, including Bloody Mary (the last Roman Catholic Queen of England), and the bloodless Revolution of 1688 (which established Britain in a truce of class, power and tradition). Churchill presents, with the terse clarity of one of his own state papers, an England emerging from the age of the first Elizabeth, when most Englishmen were sick of blood spilled over theological differences. They were to find that theology disguised as politics could be even bloodier. Churchill argues that ancient English liberties



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test pilot waved one of the airline pilots into the captain's seat and said: "Take it away. She's all yours." They put the craft through flight maneuvers that tested its every characteristic, even under such extreme conditions as flight with two engines on the same side shut off.

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BOSWELL IN SEARCH OF A WIFE, edited by Frank Brady and Frederick A. Pottle (390 pp.; McGraw-Hill; \$6), is Volume VI of the Boswell Papers being brought out by a Yale task force of scholars. It follows young Boswell (he had not yet written his *Life of Samuel Johnson*) through three years (1766-69) while he was trying to find a wife rich enough to make him a wealthy man, beautiful enough to make him a happy man, pious enough to make

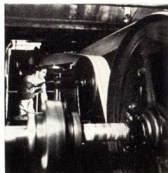
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him a good man, "Bozzy's" solemn efforts to fill this tall order make scandalously funny reading. He was already the father of a bastard son (who died in infancy), and now a second child was on the way as a result of his "licentious passion" for one Mrs. Dodds (a "sweet little mistress . . . admirably formed for amorous dalliance" —but "she debases my dignity" and "costs me a great deal of money").

Just as Mrs. Dodds was about to give birth, Boswell met the very heiress he was looking for—Miss Catherine Blair, "the finest woman I have ever seen." Overjoyed, Bozzy rushed off to drink Miss Blair's health, got very tight and passed the night with "a whore worthy of Boswell if Bos-



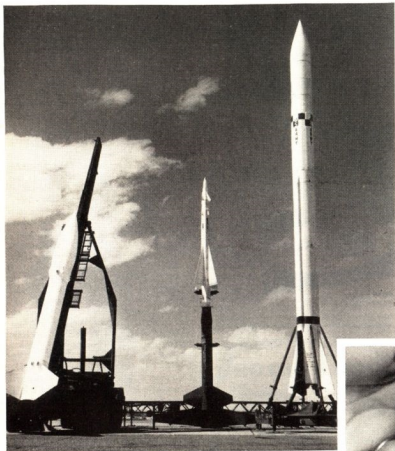
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well must have a whore." As "a just retribution for my licentiousness," he "got a disease from which I suffer severely."

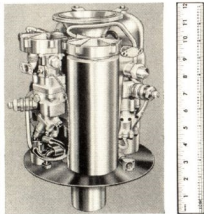
Having made no headway with the angelic Miss Blair (she allowed him to press his hand upon her waist during a performance of *Othello*, but that was all), he consoled himself with a young Irish lady just 16—"formed like a Grecian nymph . . . her father with an estate of £1,000 a year and above £10,000 in ready money. Upon my honour, I never was so much in love." When Bozzy set off to Ireland to make a formal bid for the nymph, he took with him his favorite cousin, Margaret Montgomerie. Sweet Peggy acted as his counselor—and kibitzed so cutely that Bozzy forgot the object of his journey and proposed to Peggy instead. Their marriage contract bore the stern signature "Sam. Johnson. Witness."

Gaps and erasures in Bozzy's papers have been filled in by the remorselessly scholarly Yale editors, so that this volume contains many a fine but familiar chunk from the *Life of Johnson*. But outrageous Bozzy holds the stage today, possibly because he often seems in tune with psychoanalysis. Inspired by Jean Jacques

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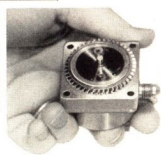
**Army's Production Missiles** include the "Honest John" (left), the "Nike" (center) and the "Corporal" (right). It is estimated that Congressional appropriations for missile construction in 1956 will be close to a billion dollars.



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Rousseau's dedicated frankness, Bozzy deemed it "fine to be sensible of all one's various sentiments and to analyze them." This meant that, like many self-analysts, he shamelessly dredged up his vices but coyly concealed most of his virtues. And yet, in fact, he was a generous friend, a highly intelligent observer, and an independent thinker—not all his awe of Dr. Johnson, for example, could convince him that the great man was right in saying that swallows passed the winter buried in heaps at the bottom of river beds.\*

## Horse Opera Trail

THESE THOUSAND HILLS (346 pp.)—A. B. Guthrie Jr.—Houghton Mifflin (\$3.95).

The events and characters of most historical novels about the U.S. West are interchangeable parts that have worn smooth with use. But in 1947 Montana's Alfred Bertram ("Bud") Guthrie Jr. took the opening of the West away from the cliché specialists with *The Big Sky*, a knowing, realistic book about the early traders, trappers and scouts that was as unashamedly rich in poetic evocation as it was in gritty plain talk. In 1949 came *The Way West*, a sober but richly authentic account of the great migration by wagon to the Pacific coast. Guthrie's new book, *These Thousand Hills*, again justifies the literary claim he has staked out in that vast country, but it also shows that when a novelist sets a Western hero on a horse, he is apt, sooner or later, to follow a trail that leads to horse opera.

Hero Lat Evans is 20 in 1880, a little tired of the Oregon his people pioneered, more than a little tired of his God-fearing father, who hugs his Methodism as closely as his near poverty hugs him. Lat heads for the wider spaces of Montana, breaks broncs, hunts wolves, wins a pot on a horse race and finally satisfies his ambition—a ranch of his own. But all the time he progresses in the field of livestock, he is tethered to that stock character of all cowtowns, a prostitute with a heart of gold. Callie is slim and blonde and high-breasted, and it was love for both from the first time he paid cash on the barrelhead. When Lat becomes a big man, it is plain that Callie will not do. But the educated niece of a prosperous storekeeper will and does, at the cost of Callie's broken heart.

Author Guthrie is still the sensitive, loving researcher more than he is the true novelist. With all its virtues, his story is so commonplace and predictable that the reader cannot help projecting it onto a big screen, with Gary Cooper doing a wonderful job as Lat Evans. But throughout *These Thousand Hills* there are fine evocations of what the country was like, the authentic sense of place that is Guthrie's trademark. Even the standard brushes with Indians and rustlers have a quality of this-is-how-it-was, and the speech rings as true as the slap of a silver dollar on a saloon bar.

\* A notion first advanced by Aristotle, whose views on natural history were regarded as gospel for ten centuries.

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## MISCELLANY

**The Outsider.** In Toronto, after he threw wads of paper and a lamp globe at passers-by from the window of an office building, set fire one by one to a flock of paper voodoo dolls, then touched off a \$20,000 fire in the building, John Martin explained to police: "No one loves me."

**Free Fall.** In Santa Ana, Calif., after he and ten other prisoners escaped by way of the jail roof, were captured, James E. Barrett alibied: "There was a hole in the wall and I just fell through."

**The Rough.** In Wayne, N.J., despite his explanation that he was sober and merely lost, Jesse Abraham was juggled on a 30-day drunken driving rap after police found him motoring on the Passaic County golf course.

**The Best Defense.** In Cleveland, on the day he was supposed to testify at his trial on charges of robbing a grocery, Robert E. Crawford was arrested, charged with stealing three tons of scrap metal from a transit-system yard.

**Handicap.** In Cincinnati, Mrs. Mabel Russell told the judge she paid Russell E. Thomas \$25, plus \$425 expenses, for half interest in a horse he described as so fast it "could win on only three legs," won a \$750 default judgment against Thomas on her testimony that in its first race the horse fell down and ran last, would have run last in its second if another horse had not fallen.

**For the Road.** In Youngstown, Ohio, after being released on \$500 bond to await trial for drunken driving, Earle Stone decided to jump bail, bought a bus ticket for Henderson, N.C., faced his trial when he wandered into a bar to kill time before the bus departed, hoisted too many, got arrested for drunkenness.

**Do as I Say.** In Portsmouth, England, magistrates granted a license to serve drinks after hours at the annual dinner dance of the Hampshire County Temperance League.

**Night to Howl.** In Newark, Truck Driver Mrs. Betty Jean Johnson, a 200-pounder, was sentenced to two days in jail for brawling after she brought an alley cat into the El Morocco Bar, shared her drink with it, tussled with other customers who objected when the cat nipped their drinks, justified her behavior by explaining that it was National Cat Week.

**Service Exit.** In Des Moines, the \$52,000 damage suit that Hugh Warren Bascom brought against the Lloyd Hotel and two process servers was dismissed, in spite of his testimony that when he climbed out his third-floor window to avoid the process servers, and started lowering himself down the rope provided by the hotel as a fire escape, the rope broke.

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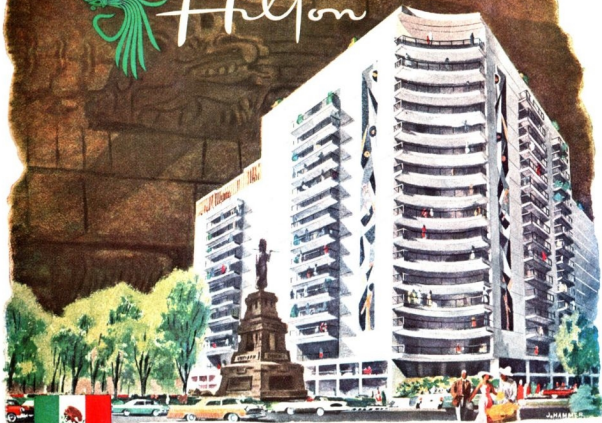




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